Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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AMERICAN IDEALS AND TRADITIONS

BY LINDSEY BLAYNEY

THE spirit of unrest so prevalent in the United States to-day is a source of apprehension to many of our citizens. Viewed from the conservative standpoint, this restlessness might well give rise to misgivings. A part of this uncertainty, however, examined in the perspective of world history, may also afford grounds for national self-congratulation. No one who has had the opportunity to learn the views of certain elements of our population will be inclined to minimize the unhealthful spirit actuating a no inconsiderable portion of our citizenship, nor its indirect, but unfortunate, effect upon a part of the youth of our country. But in our very human disinclination toward changing conditions, are we not confusing the results of two quite different movements? Indeed, a part of this very general feeling of uncertainty is a welcome sign of the times: for it is due in no small measure to the more or less acrimonious, but illuminating, debates upon the foreign policies of our Government from which have resulted a growing recognition of America's responsibilities toward the world at large.

There are many grave domestic questions demanding solution at the hands of the people of the United States. And yet, viewed in the light of world history, whatever may be the final verdict pronounced upon them, their effect upon human development will be largely local and transitory. There is, however, a great national question in process of solution almost unobserved by the American people, the results of which, expressed in terms of

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human achievement, may alter profoundly the spiritual outlook of the nations of the world. The attitude of this republic toward world issues, if our people remain true to the fundamental ideals of our past, bids fair to work great changes in international morality and to influence human destinies long after our other "big issues" have been forgotten.

The late war has given a new significance to the word "Americanism". It has been misused so grievously, however, that as a rallying cry it is beginning to lose force. For under its ægis most contradictory movements have ranged themselves, differing widely in their aims and methods. Much apprehension might be avoided, and much unrest and uncertainty be allayed, if the scattered threads of our national hopes, endeavors, and achievements could be woven into a somewhat more substantial fabric of American ideals, even though in the process it might appear now and again that violence was being done to some popular traditions. For old ideas and prejudices die hard; and there are still many who feel that the tendency shown by the people of the United States in recent years to interest themselves in matters not peculiarly their own is a departure from the ideals of our forefathers; that even our participation in the Great War was a surprising and transient reversal of our political ideals of the past. Fortunately, however, the idealism of a nation, unlike its styles, is not a garment of morality nor of materialism which can be assumed or cast aside at will, however much the recent history of the United States might seem, to the casual observer, to prove the contrary.

Till quite recently we were considered by the Old World to be a nation of "mere money-makers", practically devoid of higher idealism. At this we need not be surprised. For as a people we are just emerging from adolescence, a period marked by all the inconsistencies, hesitations and experimentation common to the transition from youth to maturity. Hence in part this uncertainty, all the present-day controversies as to what really are the ideals of our nation, what "Americanism" means, and all those bitter discussions which, disconcerting though they be, are nevertheless fundamentally healthful. They mark the spiritual awakening of a people slowly coming to a realization of their national

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and international obligations. The late war will be credited with this broadening of American vision and with having worked an almost magical transformation in the moral fibre of the nation. This would be regrettable, if it were true. National idealism, unlike political expediency, is not the very questionable product of a sudden moment of national stress. It is the synthesis of the aspirations of an entire people arrived at through a process of long and slow development. "American idealism", so-called, is not a thing of yesterday, European opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was a time to be sure, indeed a good long time, when only a discouragingly small part of the American public could have been interested even passingly, much less aroused, by arguments appealing to national humanitarianism or national ideals. But in those days the American people were on the defensive, and rightly so. The population of the struggling Colonies, and of the no less weak States which succeeded them, however certain they may have felt of their soul's salvation by reason of profound religious conviction, were far less sure of their political salvation, due to no lack of hard common sense. With the vision of land-hungry and power-covetous European states watching their every move from the East, and with the uncertainties of the vast wilderness upon their frontiers to the West, the men of the infant republic did well to make "safety first" a cardinal principle of political life. European diplomacy and international intrigue taught the new nation to take no chances in the game of politics. The Monroe Doctrine as it was evolved in 1823, far from being the exhibition of national selfishness it has been considered by the nations of the Old World, was an eminently proper declaration of principle wholly justified by the exigencies of the hour. But reasonable and just as was this American doctrine in principle, it had in practice two widely distinct and far-reaching results: From it dated our exaggerated reputation abroad for national selfishness, and our over-confidence at home in the wisdom of continued national isolation.

For many years well informed Americans have been surprised and rendered indignant at the accusation of cupidity and selfishness directed against us by the Old World. Our writers have at

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times attributed it to foreign envy of our growth and prosperity. This is, however, not wholly just. Foreign knowledge of the idealism of a country must necessarily depend largely upon two principal sources of information; upon the theoretical ideals of the nation as reflected in its translated literature and upon its practical ideals as translated into the foreign policies of its government. Our young literature, attracting but little international notice, exercised but small influence in introducing the profounder reaches of the American soul to the European man in the street. Nor, on the other hand, was the Monroe Doctrine, as viewed abroad, calculated to win admirers for our practical political idealism. Was it therefore to be wondered at that, the influence of literary America being negligible, our reputation for selfishness, due to our national policies, became all too general?

Only those who have resided abroad, and who have been in the position to read in the daily and magazine press of Europe, and to learn in heart to heart talks with its citizens, of the profound misconceptions harbored by the people of the Old World regarding the idealism of America, can fully appreciate the feelings of surprise and regret which these excusable, but unjust, opinions awakened in the hearts of Americans in those days. It was said that we were "selfish and self-centered", "chasers after the Almighty Dollar", "worshipers of the God of Gold in the Temple of Mammon"; that we were "boastful, brawling and brazen"; that America was "the land of get-rich-quicks", the "land of opportunity and of ignorance", of "hypocritical piety" and of "shameless political corruption". In a word America was regarded as being practically devoid of higher idealism. Was it surprising then that even better informed Europeans, almost at the dawn of the twentieth century, saw "ulterior motives" behind our war with Spain? Americans in Europe, who heard and read these things, suffered. They realized that these opinions, founded to be sure on a certain amount of seemingly clear evidence, were nevertheless cruelly false. They hoped and longed for the day to come when Europe would awaken to a full realization of the big heart of the people of the United States. But so deep-seated was the conviction that we were a selfish and self-centered people that even the freeing of Cuba and the return of the Boxer Indem-

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nity to China failed to convince Europe of our sincerity. The Old World believed that the "wily Yankee" must have had something up his sleeve to make it worth his while to dispense generosity on so large a scale.

Rather than harbor any resentment against pre-war Europe on account of the erroneous opinions it held regarding American ideals, should we not rather pause and ask ourselves what notion we had formed of our own characters say a quarter of a century ago or even less? Will it not be found that we entertained somewhat the same opinion concerning ourselves? Did we not pride ourselves upon our isolation? Did we not congratulate ourselves upon our apathy toward the larger problems of the world? Did we not deem it an almost typically American virtue to be able to close our minds and our hearts to the responsibilities and worries of "outside affairs"? We cannot reproach Europe so severely when we become aware that the opinion it entertained of us was not so entirely different from the estimate which we had unconsciously formed of ourselves. But our critics, as well as we, were wrong, and that too fundamentally. For, far from being materialists and selfish self-seekers, the people of the United States have always exhibited strong idealistic leanings. Could it well have been otherwise? The men and women who first came to these shores were largely idealists. This nation was conceived in the minds of idealists. The outstanding events—the turning points of its history—were prompted by idealists, and each of these several events carried a highly idealistic message to the nations of the world. These are broad generalities but they are true.

Our pioneer forefathers who crossed the seas to face the unknown dangers of an unknown world, who threaded the forest covered wilderness and launched their frail barks upon uncharted seas, and who in the midst of all this worshiped God according to the dictates of their consciences, were they not, in overwhelming majority, idealists? And even though some of them may not have been of idealistic temperament, and though many who followed in their wake later toward the forests and plains of the West may have dreamt at first more of material gain than of spiritual profit, yet the hearts of even such as these could not have failed in the end to attune themselves to the idealistic harmony of

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nature in the presence of the spiritual charm of sombre forest and silent stream. These men and women of early America, who built their little cabins in some remote forest clearing in the very lap of generous Mother America, and who reared their children in the fear of God and in respect for the law in the midst of the inspiring grandeur of primeval nature—like all adventurers into the material or spiritual unknown—were storing unconsciously in their hearts great funds of idealism unto the day of crisis or of opportunity. We cannot refuse to credit a considerable proportion of the idealism of America to these later "natural" idealists who became merged with the earlier political and religious idealists into a nation which, despite temptations to the contrary, was and remained at bottom an idealistic people? And yet, strange as it may seem, with all these contributing forces of idealism woven into the warp and woof of our character, the United States became known nevertheless as a materialistic nation and, stranger still, came dangerously near believing the allegation to be true.

The fact that the unfolding of a great, isolated, national organism progresses quietly and normally, with no sudden demands of moments of national stress upon the moral and idealistic reserves of the nation, does not indicate that dynamic idealism is lacking. The sleeping volcano is often the more dangerous. This is as true in the spiritual as in the physical world. It was no less true in the spiritual development of the United States. Unheralded and unremarked, the days of crisis and of opportunity finally arrived for the opening of the flood-gates to the pent up reservoirs of the spiritual forces of the nation. Imperceptibly American idealism began to make itself felt as a great contributing force to the advancement of mankind.

As is the case in almost all great movements, its beginnings were modest and obscure. It received its greatest impetus from the enlarged opportunities inherited by the children and the children's children of those God-fearing pioneer settlers whose lives, while more circumscribed, had been none the less inwardly rich. The spirit of ready coöperation, mutual helpfulness, generous hospitality, sane frugality, and simple piety, characteristic of the early settlers, became blended in their descendants into remarkable manifestations of a spirit of broad and wise philanthropy.

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When many years ago the need was felt, and the call went forth, for schools, colleges, universities, charitable organizations, scientific foundations, hospitals, libraries and museums, it was not the rich alone—as Europe and even too many Americans have believed—but the men and women of modest and even scant means who, in obedience to an inherited impulse, gave whole-heartedly of their hard earned substance to help their fellow men. While Europe was speaking cynically of our selfishness, greater endowments for philanthropic purposes than the history of the world had ever known were being established by the generosity and ready spirit of helpfulness of the American heart.

All of this did not happen in a day. So gradual and natural indeed had been the process that neither we nor the Old World realized its prophetic significance. And, stranger still, we who traditionally refused to interest ourselves in the affairs of the European Occident poured, with seemingly limitless prodigality, millions upon millions into the distant Orient in unselfish missionary and philanthropic enterprise, and stood ready even to protect our interests there, if necessary, by military force. All this but goes to prove that it was compelling political and military exigency, not selfish national ideals, which made us apparently an isolated, self-centered, and selfish people.

The gradual unfolding and widening of America's spiritual horizon necessarily had its effect upon the political outlook of the nation. Here too the change was so gradual and natural that it was scarcely noticed either at home or abroad. It was but a quarter of a century ago that we went to bed one night, secure as we thought behind our impregnable, Chinese-like wall of political isolation, only to be awakened the next morning by the roar of Dewey's guns in Manila Bay heralding the message, startling to ourselves as well as to the world, that the United States of America had become a great world Power with colonial possessions and new political interests and responsibilities in distant parts of the world.

Not the Great War, as many have thought, but the war with Spain made us a world Power.

In the Spanish-American War the veritable but latent idealism of America broke forth with irresistible force and in direct refuta-

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tion of the oft-made assertion that "all wars are government made". The war with Spain was not willed by President McKinley, nor by his associates, but was demanded in countless petitions and clamorous appeals by the American people of all classes in the name of justice and of human rights at a moment when the Government hesitated to take the grave step. And when the war was brought to a victorious conclusion, this "selfish" American people withdrew from Cuba without a thought of reward or compensation, thereby adding through disinterested idealism a new and rich jewel to the bright diadem of young republics of the world. But before so doing, America transformed Havana, at the sacrifice of the lives of courageous American medical men, from a veritable pesthole into one of the most healthful cities of the world. In Panama, in Venezuela, and again in the Philippines, the true spirit of disinterested helpfulness and of generous humanitarianism was eloquently exemplified by the people of the United States. When the story of American administration in the Philippines shall have been finally recorded, brilliantly illumined by the long and illustrious roll of honor of the American men and women who laid down their lives voluntarily for the best interests of an alien people, no finer chapter of American history will have been penned, nor more conclusive evidence adduced of the fundamentally humanitarian character of the American mind and heart. And again, what a strange form of national "selfishness" it was which prompted the people of the United States, unsolicited, to return to China the large sums due as indemnity for the Boxer Uprising that they might be used by the Chinese people for educational purposes! This simple and unostentatious act began a new chapter in the history of the international relations of peoples. The so-called "selfish" American had moved the whole world a great stride forward toward the ultimate goal toward which men have long been striving—international coöperation and good-will.

These changes in the vision and outlook of the American people —changes more apparent than real, for they are not new but a part of our unseen heritage of idealism from out the past—have brought, of course, new duties and responsibilities in their train. We could not avoid these manifold responsibilities if we would,

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and surely we would not if we could. For already the gaze of China and of other more or less helpless nations of Europe as well as of the Far-East is fixed upon the Stars and Stripes as the symbol of international justice and good-will—the harbinger of the coming of a new and happier day for the lesser and more peace-loving nations of the world. The idealistic stand taken by a Democratic President at the Peace Conference at Paris, and the efforts toward world peace made by a Republican President in connection with the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, but bear out the contention that American idealism is not only nothing new, but that it is neither sectional nor political but national in its scope.

It cannot be too emphatically insisted upon that the United States was not drawn into the dizzy vortex of international life by the Great War. We were already inextricably involved in it. But so gradually and naturally had it all come about that our nation as a whole never realized the slow but sure grindings of the wheel of destiny. The entry of America into the Great War was not a species of interruption in the normal flow of its idealism, but was the irresistible on-pressing of the great current of "will to human service" which had its source in the ideal of mutual helpfulness of our pioneer ancestors, grew into splendid proportions in all forms of philanthropic endeavor in the century just closed, and has but grown in magnitude and in influence from those days till the present.

Many Americans, to be sure, not realizing the profound significance of the great undercurrents of our national life, have hoped that the wide rift occasioned by the war in our dyke of exclusivism would be merely temporary. They have failed, however, to profit by the lessons of world history. It must not be forgotten that each great nation which has in turn been drawn into the arena of world affairs, has never been able to extricate itself until its race as a great world Power had been run; until it had played the rôle on the stage of history which the hand of Destiny had marked out for it. Orators have preached, and prophets have warned, but history teaches that no man, nor body of men, has ever been able to make the wheels of national history turn backward. They may be slowed down for a moment, apparently, but

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reversed, never. And yet there are political prophets in our own day who believe that it is possible to dam the flood of international waters which poured through the great breach in our dyke of exclusivism through which sailed our ships and our men into participation in world affairs during the Great War. They are out of touch, however, with the realities of accomplished facts and unconscious of the mighty force of the tidal waters they dream of stemming. They appear not aware that long before the late war many another opening had been forced in our dyke of isolation—commerce, investments, colonies, and all the manifold interests, responsibilities and intanglements inherent in, and inseparable from, great national prosperity and power. He who would attribute the entry of the United States into the recent war, without desire for financial, political, or territorial gain, to a sort of temporary exaltation or aberration of the national mind, has failed to note the most characteristic, though little recognized, element of the American temperament which may one day be of incalculable advantage to the human race. What the world now terms "American humanitarianism" is but the American spirit of philanthropy at home translated into our international relations. Far from being something "new" and "dangerous", it is but the spirit of the American "will to human service" following the flag abroad.

The isolated position of the United States for almost a century brought with it a subconscious feeling, shared by some even to-day, that we were a sort of "chosen people" to whom the usual laws of national development somehow were not applicable; that for some reason history in our case would not repeat itself. We failed, however, to note one great and infallible law of national growth. We disregarded the teaching of history that a nation which has, spiritually speaking, something in its national heart worth giving to the world, must sooner or later burst the bonds of its frontiers, be they mountain or sea, and pour forth its accumulated heritage of spiritual blessings for the common advantage of the peoples of the world. Nor must the converse of this law be forgotten; that a nation which remains permanently secluded behind its frontiers possesses in all probability little that is worth while giving to the world. When the spirit that was Greece

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reached its apogee, it overflowed the confines of Hellas and poured itself forth, a great flood of artistic idealism with which to bless mankind. Rome has bequeathed to posterity the traditions of a vast empire. But there had been many a great empire before the Capitol became the seat of world-wide dominion. The spiritual heritage which Rome left as a monument of its moral worth—its legal mind codified into a great legal system—transcended even its imperial frontiers and has endured in other great legal codes till our own day when Rome as an empire is but a memory. The art that was Greece and the legal temperament that was Rome reflect the idealism of great peoples who had something within their national souls worth giving to the world, and whose spirit, therefore, broke the bonds of national frontiers and became the common heritage of humanity. This is the supreme test of a truly great people.

Are the people of the United States truly great? Great we are in material things: great in world power. But what when, like the other great political entities of the past, our nation too "goes West"? What will have been our national contribution to the sum total of human happiness, which, in last analysis, means "spiritual" happiness? With the eyes of the world centered upon us, the mighty colossus of modern political history, can we point to any non-material achievement which will be termed by a grateful posterity the spiritual bequest of the United States of America to the sum total of highest human good? In art, literature, law, and science our achievements, while commendable, have not been outstanding. In none of these fields of human endeavor have we assisted man to take a great onward and upward step on the slow and toilsome journey toward his ultimate destiny; in none of these departments have we given to man a spiritual asset which will go far toward lifting him above the commonplace realities and sordid selfishness of everyday life. In a word the highest idealism of the United States has not yet expressed itself in immortal terms in any of these fields.

It will perhaps be seen, however, from the outstanding events in our domestic and international relations recounted above, and from the high rôle which we are at this moment playing, that the United States of America may after all have made one contribu-

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tion of supreme importance to the spiritual advancement of mankind; a gift which, while it issues more nearly from the heart than from the head, may nevertheless take its place one day among the few truly great national contributions of the past. If we but remain true to the traditions which inspired the hearts of our American ancestors and became translated in the hands of their descendants of yesterday and to-day into deeds of service, justice, mercy and human coöperation, no fear need be felt but that the historian of the future will pronounce national humanitarianism —the will to disinterested human service—the original national contribution of the United States to the higher idealism of the world. There was art, to be sure, before Greece, legal systems before Rome, and humanitarianism before the birth of the United States. But art became great art first in Greece, because Hellenic idealism was profoundly artistic; legal procedure became a great legal system first in Rome, because the idealism of Rome was essentially legal; the spirit of philanthropic endeavor became world-wide humanitarian service first in America, because the idealism of the United States has been and is preëminently humanitarian. We cast no aspersions upon the artistic taste of other nations in assigning a supreme place in art to Greece; nor would we, by the same token, draw any invidious comparison in the field of humanitarianism when we recognize the simple historical fact that the United States of America is the first great nation of the world to make the spirit of disinterested human service the measure of a nation as well as of a man. Just as there has never been a race in the veins of whose individual citizens the spirit of classic art flowed so irresistibly as in the citizen of Athens, so there has never been a nation in the blood of whose individual citizens the spirit of philanthropy and will to human service pulsated so strongly as in that of the citizen of the United States. Greece gave to the world supreme beauty in art. May we not hope that history will record that the people of the United States gave to the world supreme grandeur in service?

The exalting of humanitarianism and philanthropic impulses to distinctively American national virtues might appear to some to be a displacing of the ideals of liberty and freedom, so long regarded by us as peculiarly American traits. It would be assum-

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ing too much, however, to claim the love of independence as the contribution of the United States to the advancement of mankind. We must not value our ideal of American independence less, but appreciate our national virtue of humanitarianism more. The spirit of license abroad in the United States, the growing insistence upon "independence" of thought and action, the tendency of certain movements to reawaken medieval religious intolerance, all these unfortunate reflections of political and spiritual unrest and uncertainty, can be overcome if we realize more profoundly that true "Americanism" is not exemplified by exhibitions of reckless independence but by a spirit of coöperation for the common good. We must learn that the independent and defiant attitude toward men and measures is not the spirit of the nation. That every movement which tends to drive the wedge of discord deep into the national heart is un-American, unpatriotic, and a blot upon the national flag. That our nation is big in achievement, big in hope, but biggest of all in the inspiring "will to service" —philanthropic and coöperative service at home and disinterested human service abroad. That the supreme achievement of America has been to stand for fair-play, to close its heart to a remarkable degree to selfish promptings, and to contribute generously in an exalted spirit of disinterested service toward the forwarding of the ideal of international comity and good-will.

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NAVAL POLICY AND THE NAVAL TREATY

BY REAR-ADMIRAL W. V. PRATT, U. S. N.

PREVIOUS to the present agreement to limit their naval armaments, now entered into by five Great Powers, the only existing case of contractual reduction of armaments was that of the Disarmament Agreement of May, 1902, between the republics of Argentina and Chile. Friction between these two countries, more or less actively expressed, had existed since 1897. The agreement entered into by them through the good offices of Great Britain was effective in reducing the tension existing at the time the treaty was made. Though the treaty was not renewed, amicable relations have since existed. Articles I and II of the treaty provided that the two Governments should not take possession of the warships which they were having built or make any other acquisitions, and should reduce their respective fleets according to a reasonable proportion between them. The two Governments also promised not to increase their maritime armaments during five years, without eighteen months' notice in advance; this agreement not including any armaments for the purpose of protecting the shore and ports, but each party being at liberty to acquire vessels for that purpose.

It is thus seen that the great experiment now attempted has historical precedent. To be thoroughly successful the purpose of our present agreements must be transmitted to future generations, otherwise that purpose is lost, and a sacrifice may have been made in vain.

The Naval Treaty, signed by the five Great Powers gathered in Washington to consider Far Eastern problems and a limitation of armament, has a very direct bearing upon the naval policy which this country should, in the future, pursue. The outstanding policies of the United States, to wit: That of "no entangling alliances", the Monroe Doctrine, and the Open Door, particularly the last, must in the future, and so long as the Naval Treaty runs,

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be greatly influenced by agreements just entered into. The material backbone of these agreements is the Treaty on the Limitation of Naval Armaments. It is the foundation upon which all of our international policies, now permeated by that atmosphere of better understanding arrived at through the results of this Conference, must be based.

In a great measure results have been accomplished by agreeing to scrap almost entirely the great building programme laid down in 1916 at a time when the fate of Europe hung in the balance, and the United States felt that she must be in a position to safeguard her interests in case Germany should prevail over the Allies. The day of that need having passed, the United States willingly gave up its great naval programme and asked the other nations to meet her in the same spirit. In point of fact, we made the greatest sacrifices. It was just and fair that we should. It was the United States that called the Conference, and her contribution could in no wise be less than that of the other nations sitting with her. Actually the United States scrapped some thirteen new ships with the money spent upon them, in addition to many older ships already built. Let us review the conditions of the treaty.

The United States has, under the terms of the treaty, retained eighteen capital ships, her cruisers and submarines, and the right to build five aircraft carriers. Two of the aircraft carriers may be converted from the capital ships which otherwise would be thrown away. The auxiliary ships necessary to support the fighting fleet in an efficient condition also have been retained under the terms of the Naval Treaty.

It was due to no fault of the United States that the terms of its original proposal were not established carrying a reduction through all types of combatant craft. So long as the discussion focussed upon the solution of Pacific and Far Eastern questions, it was not difficult to arrive at solutions which made the 5–5–3 ratio possible. It was only when the problems strayed from the Pacific to Continental Europe that complications arose, making it difficult to arrive at answers which would satisfy both the purpose of the proposal and the national needs of Powers whose interests seemed to demand solutions other than those suggested by the proposal. For these reasons the contemplated reductions in the

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cruiser, destroyer and submarine types were not accomplished, and the 5–5–3 ratio does not apply to these types of ships. However, the main object, which was to effect a reduction in the capital ship tonnage and to establish ratios commensurate with national naval interests, has been accomplished. Likewise the second object, the establishment of aircraft carrier tonnage, ships inferior only in size to the capital ship, was also accomplished on a 5–5–3 basis and in a ratio commensurate with the capital ship tonnage.

The abolishment of competitive building in capital ships and aircraft carriers and the establishment of a naval holiday for ten years, during which period no capital ship tonnage may be laid down, have in themselves accomplished the major purposes of the Naval Limitation Treaty, for these ships, taking three or four years to complete, are the best measures of a nation's floating naval strength.

Under the terms of the treaty the United States, of its capital ships intended to be scrapped under the original proposal, may complete two. The completion of these two ships is essential to bring our Navy to the ratios fixed. Likewise two battle cruisers may be converted to aircraft carriers, and this is important to round out our fleet to its proper proportions so that the essential tasks of training, without which no Navy can be called fit or efficient, may be undertaken. The United States is also permitted to carry to completion the ten scout cruisers now on the ways and building and this should be done, as we are in this type of ship quite behind the actual navy of Great Britain and also behind the proposed navy of Japan.

We are also permitted to complete the submarines now under construction which are of an improved type, capable of performing their tasks with the fleet in a manner which previously has not been possible. These submarines are on the average over 90 per cent on their way towards completion. They serve to replace many of the older craft which age has made obsolete.

In addition to these combatant craft, the United States is permitted to build such small craft, such as gunboats and river police boats, as may be necessary to protect the interests and lives of our nationals abroad.

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Article XIX of the Naval Treaty puts a stop, within certain defined limits, to further expansion and fortification of naval bases in the Pacific. The principal point to be noted is, that the establishment of the *status quo* in fortifications and naval bases is an attempt to maintain the spirit of good understanding arrived at through an amicable settlement of the Far Eastern problems, and through the elimination of competitive building and of any aggressive tendencies which might be attributed to us by other Powers. The outlying fortified points of both Japan and the United States have been rendered offensively harmless. The right further to fortify is no longer possible, nor in the future may the great fleets of the United States seek the shelter of fortified harbors within the Philippines, assured that they are so impregnable that they will remain safe havens of refuge and of supply when our fleet, bent on other missions, is absent from their protection. For the defenses of these advanced positions we must rely now upon the spirit of good understanding entered into through the offices of this Conference. Japan has done the same with her outlying positions. The active defense of our Philippine possessions, if such ever becomes a necessity, must now rest entirely upon the back of our floating naval establishment, geographically placed many thousands of miles away.

The Far Eastern agreements arrived at have a very distinct relation to the Naval Limitation Treaty.[1] Any further reduction of our Navy below that of the standard set, by whatever means it may be accomplished, would be in effect to stultify the purposes which the Conference strove to achieve. Important as is the Naval Limitation Treaty in removing friction, yet if it is to live as a vital and not as a spent effort, it must rest on the foundation of the Four Power Treaty. The severing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the new relationships established have made limitation of naval armament possible. The Four Power Treaty might stand alone; but the spirit, motives and results of the Naval Treaty could not carry on in the coming years of the future without the support of the Four Power Treaty. As the Naval Treaty is the material, so the Four Power Treaty is the moral

[1] They will be effective just in proportion as our naval force, augmented by the recent good understandings reached, is effective.

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backbone of the agreements which have been reached by the Conference.[2]

Without going into too great detail, it is sufficient to say that Great Britain under the terms of the treaty may build two 35,000-ton capital ships. When completed, these ships will be the last word in modern naval architecture. She may also lay down two aircraft carriers of 33,000 tons each to match the two which we are permitted to convert from two of our battle cruisers. Other than this, Great Britain has for the present no extensive naval building programme, nor is any necessary, at this moment, to preserve equality in strength with the United States. In light cruisers, flotilla leaders and in modern cruisers generally, Great Britain ranks ahead of the United States, and it may be a long time before we are in a position of equality with Great Britain in cruiser types.

Japan has no capital ships to complete to give her the tonnage allotted, but she has the right to convert two of the ships, which otherwise would be scrapped, into aircraft carriers of 33,000 tons each. In addition to these two ships, Japan has a contemplated programme of light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, which is quite extensive.

France and Italy have no great programmes in capital ships, but it is their avowed purpose to bring their navies up to date by replacing, under the terms of the treaty, the older capital ships as soon as may be practicable. Each has also submarine, destroyer, and light cruiser programmes sufficient to care for their national needs.

These facts, while not indicating any aggressive tendencies on the part of the nations involved, denote a desire to make efficient those navies which are apportioned to them under the agreements entered into in the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments.

Naval policy is the system of principles and the general terms of their application governing the development, organization, maintenance, and operation of the Navy. It is based on, and is

[2]International law is the sea law which in war governs the relationships between different sea Powers. It is difficult to make, either by treaty or by imposing the wishes of one nation upon another. It comes into being through universal assent, extending over long years of tradition and sea practice. The Submarine Treaty has a direct bearing on Naval Policy. The more nearly this treaty accords with the rules of existing international law, the more probable it is that in a future war its articles will be generally subscribed to.

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designed to support, national policies. It comprehends the questions of numbers, size, type and distribution of vessels and stations, the character and number of personnel, and the character of peace and war operations. It follows the flag the world over. To meet the situation as it to-day exists, a comprehensive naval policy should divide itself under four main heads, namely:

Education.—By this is meant not only that essential education which must be carried on at all times within the Service, but instruction outside of the Service proper to enable the public to know the relation of its naval forces to the maritime and international interests of the country and the purposes for and the way in which a naval force should be organized and operated.

Intercourse with Foreign Powers.—One of the great results of this Conference has been to inaugurate a better understanding between the parties to the Conference. It is imperative that the good understanding now inaugurated should be perpetuated. It is important that this understanding be extended to those nations which have not participated in the Conference.

Training.—Training is the performance of those duties essential to keep a naval force thoroughly indoctrinated and efficient in the operations it might be called upon to perform, both in peace and war. Training makes the boy who passes through the school of the Navy a self-disciplined, efficient man.

Maintenance.—The maintenance of the material and personnel factors of a naval organization should be kept in such efficient condition that they readily can be used in case of national need.

The training of the fleet to perform those duties which it might be called upon to undertake in war and must undertake in peace, is the purpose on which the organization of the fleet must be based. In general it may be said that the fleet is organized to perform the four following tasks:

Scouting.—To obtain and transmit the information necessary to the efficient conduct of the strategic and tactical features of a campaign.

Attack.—The actual operations through which a certain definite objective is obtained.

Control.—The retention and administration of objective points which have been won by the attacking force.

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Supply.—All those other auxiliary activities which enter into and form so large a part of any campaign.

With the fleet thus organized so that training and maintenance become the essential features of internal naval policy, it is practicable to utilize the fleet for the other two purposes indicated, namely, education and intercourse with foreign Powers. Thus, by organizing the naval establishment so that its internal policies are sound, we are able to utilize it for any other purpose which, in time of peace, the country may deem to be necessary.

The organization of the shore and base establishments is in itself a gigantic task. To summarize briefly, it may be said that the purpose and aim of every shore and base establishment must be to make more efficient the fleet which it serves. Without home bases the fleet cannot be repaired, docked, or supplied, and those craft, which during peace must of necessity be laid up, have no place in which to be berthed. The advanced base is to the overseas fleet what the home base is to the fleet operating on its home coasts.

While the active fleet must be dependent upon the shore and base facilities for repair, supply, docking, and a certain amount of maintenance, and can in no wise be thoroughly efficient unless the shore establishments are properly located in a geographical sense and efficiently operated and administered, yet the fleet itself has tasks to perform in order to render it capable of carrying out the nation's policies. It must train to shoot and steam economically, and must consequently engage in those operations without which our naval organization afloat would be only a collection of independent units acting indiscriminately without efficient coordination under responsible leaders.

It is not possible to carry on efficient training unless an adequate number of the various component units be gathered together and work side by side as team mates. Under the proposed Treaty there are left to the United States eighteen battleships, or six divisions of three ships each, which must constantly manœuver and work together in order to form the nucleus of an efficient fighting force.

While the battleships form the main body and the heart of the fighting force, the cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine forces,

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aircraft carriers and aircraft furnish the legs and arms, and adequately to protect and support the main body it is necessary to have an adequate number of these combatant types. And yet this compact body is not in its most efficient condition unless it is in turn aided by its scouts, which must give the fleet the information necessary to carry on intelligently its training problem, or in war strategical or tactical operation. In time of peace the cruiser force is that body from which divisions and units can most quickly be detached and sent on foreign service to perform any duty, including that of showing the flag and of bringing our naval representatives in closer touch with those of other nations. For long and continuous scouting services, it is essential to have an adequate number of long range, sea keeping submarines, which must be additional to the submarines held for defense. For coast and base defense training problems, there are required the appropriate numbers of mine layers, sweepers, aircraft, submarines, and supporting ships. To subsist and maintain our combatant forces afloat there are required the essential fleet adjuncts, such as repair ships, supply ships, fuel ships, mother ships for destroyers and submarines, hospital ships and fleet transports.

To keep this naval establishment ready requires men. No matter how perfect the material may be when laid up, it will not remain efficient unless it be moderately operated and trained in definite tasks, any more than will a merchant marine be smart and efficient unless it be manned by men born and bred to the sea. No better training school for the youth of our country exists today than our Navy.

Although a better understanding has been arrived at, it cannot be the will of this nation to allow its naval establishment to disintegrate to a condition where the 5–5–3 is a name only and not a living fact, and this will be the case if our Navy afloat cannot carry on work similar to that outlined above. The great mission of the Navy is to support the Flag. It may accomplish this either by giving weight to the nation's diplomacy or by force of arms. The thirteen American capital ships scrapped in accordance with the Washington Conference more than justified their brief existence by the weight they gave to American diplomacy. It is difficult to see what would have induced Great Britain and Japan to

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accept the invitation to this Conference had it not been for the leading position America had taken as a naval Power; and it can almost be asserted that they would not have accepted the 5–5–3 ratios had it not been for our Naval preponderance. We must not lose sight of the fact that it was the power of our Navy that put the American proposal through. This fact must be accepted; or otherwise we refuse to believe the story which recorded history tells us, or fail to realize that sea power is responsible largely for the spread and maintenance of civilization over the world.

Article XXI of the Treaty for a Limitation of Naval Armament calls for a conference of all the contracting Powers which shall convene as soon as possible after the expiration of eight years from the coming into force of the present Treaty. It is to be hoped that when the contracting Powers meet again in Conference they will find the United States in as strong a position as it was when this Conference met on November 12, 1921. Through its naval establishment alone this will not be a physical possibility, for of its own volition the United States has given up the naval supremacy which it was gaining for the sake of the better understandings that have resulted; but having determined upon a 5–5–3 ratio and upon a policy which stands for a Navy second to none, it is fitting that the United States should come to this Conference with a naval establishment as strong as the ratios agreed upon will allow it to be.

At the close of the Great War, the United States met with her associates in an attempt to find a formula which would solve the questions of future wars, and settle the immediate problems caused by this. The proposal made at Versailles could never free itself from the war clouds which surrounded it or from the pressure of local national needs and aspirations. At Washington the United States made the first and greatest sacrifice. The response was immediate. Great as was our money sacrifice, it was as nothing to the sacrifice made by this country when she gave up her dream of naval supremacy for the sake of better international relationships.

Sixty years ago the United States turned down another page of sea history, when her great maritime fleet of stately ships was swept off blue waters by the advent of the dingy tramp; when the

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men who trod their quarter decks, of a breed than whom maritime history knows none better, turned their eyes from the tall spars and from the ocean they loved to the Great West. Those who love the sea, to whom she speaks as does a mother to her child, who find in her fiercest moods only the manifestation of sublime power—those men know what surrender of sea power means.

Thinking naval men, as a matter of pride, regret the sacrifice made in yielding world naval supremacy, yet from a broader point of view they welcome the results accomplished, if they be carried on into the future. No class of men realize more clearly the relations existing between sea power and national world power, or are more willing to subordinate naval aims to the country's wishes; but until that time arrives when the ideals for which our country stands are world ideals, until international frictions cease, until moral suasion is its own sanction and law is self-enforcing, this country can no more afford to allow its gray guardians of the peace to disintegrate as did its stately clipper ships, than can a great city afford to give up its guardians of the law.

W. V. Pratt.

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MENTAL TESTS FOR IMMIGRANTS

BY ARTHUR SWEENEY, M.D.

RESTRICTION of immigration has always been a fruitful source of controversy. It has many angles, and opinions differ, largely because of the lack of a common viewpoint. All opinions agree upon certain basal facts. These are, that we need immigrants to develop our resources, and that some means must be found to keep out those who are manifestly undesirable. Controversy centres about the latter, and although various expedients have been tried, none have been wholly successful. As a consequence we have been overrun with a horde of the unfit. The principal trouble with our restrictions has been that we have had no adequate means of determining who are the unfit. While we can measure objectively the physical qualifications of the immigrant, we have had no yardstick with which to form an accurate estimate of his intellectual and moral side, as well as of those other intangible qualities which are essential to good citizenship.

The psychological tests, which in the army developed heterogeneous millions of men of all grades of intelligence, education and social qualities into the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen, has furnished us with the necessary yardstick to measure the desirability of the immigrant. The same test will reveal to us, with relative precision, those hidden qualities which will demonstrate the fitness of the intending immigrant for citizenship in this country, and will exclude those who are unfit. The army tests rated men according to their mental age, and classified them into groups. The educational and industrial capacity of these groups was determined, and they were assigned to positions according to their ability. The performance of these men during their months of service in their various duties corresponded very nearly to their psychological ratings, and confirmed the accuracy and value of the tests. The tests revealed the intellectual endowment of the men, and also, to a large degree, determined the

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other qualities of a soldier, such as initiative, reliability, adaptability and obedience.

The tests are equally applicable to immigrants. It is feasible to determine the value of the immigrant by his intelligence, for all other faculties and qualities hinge upon this. If he does not possess a certain minimum of mentality, it is safe to predict that he will not be adaptable to the conditions of his new environment, and will not possess those qualities which are essential to good citizenship. If he cannot comprehend, by reason of his mental limitations, the obligations and duties which citizenship imposes, he cannot be other than a burden upon society. Fitness for citizenship is determined best by ability to comprehend its meaning, as well as the advantages that come from it.

The examination of immigrants at the port of embarkation is feasible, inexpensive and simple, and will give results much more accurate than any other method. It is practical to examine groups of two or three hundred at one sitting, in less than one hour. All that is required is a staff of two or three trained psychologists at each port at which large numbers embark. The fact that the immigrants are illiterate or unable to understand the English language is not an obstacle, as the form of test known as "Beta" is designed to meet such conditions, and requires neither education nor knowledge of language for its comprehension. It is entirely objective. In this test the immigrant is asked to supply the missing parts of pictures, to trace his way through mazes, to count cubes variously arranged, and other simple tests that do not require verbal directions, but call only for observation. This is not easier than the "Alpha" test for those who can read and write, and gives results of equal value.

Those examined for the army were grouped according to their mental age as follows:

D − Very Inferior, 7 to 9 years.
D Inferior, 9 to 11 years.
C − Low Average, 11 to 13 years.
C Average, 13 to 14.5 years.
C + High Average, 14.5 to 16 years.
B Superior, 16 to 18 years.
A Very Superior, 18 + years.

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The need of some means of excluding the unfit that shall be more effective than past measures is forced upon us by the revelations of the army examinations. In our army 360,000 men of foreign birth were put through the test, with the startling result that 45 per cent were found to be below eleven years of mental age and were grouped in the inferior and very inferior classes. This fact is startling enough, but fades into insignificance when we interpret it as relating to the countries from which most of our immigrants come. The table given below is self-explanatory. (See *Memoirs of National Academy of Sciences, Vol. XV.*)

It will be seen that the percentage of foreign born who are found to be in the D and D minus classes, with a mental age of less than eleven years, is 45.6 per cent. Of the 360,000 recruits of

	A	B	C+	C	C−	D	D−	% D & D−	% A & B
Poland	..	0.5	3.1	19.5	7.3	43.5	26.4	69.9	0.5
Italy	0.2	.6	2.3	24.4	9.1	40.	23.4	63.4	0.8
Russia	0.4	2.3	4.8	22.1	10.5	40.	20.4	60.4	2.7
Greece	..	2.1	2.1	36.7	15.7	35.1	8.5	43.6	2.1
Turkey	0.4	3.0	5.7	34.4	14.7	30.4	11.6	41.6	3.4
Ireland	1.2	2.9	8.4	29.	18.6	26.2	13.2	39.4	4.1
Austria	1.7	1.7	6.7	32.3	20.	27.5	10.	37.5	3.4
Norway	0.6	3.5	8.9	36.	25.9	21.8	3.8	25.6	4.1
Belgium	..	0.8	11.6	39.2	24.	18.6	5.4	24.0	0.8
Canada	3.3	7.2	15.4	25.8	28.4	15.4	4.1	19.5	10.5
Sweden	1.3	3.0	12.6	37.0	26.8	17.1	2.3	19.4	4.3
Germany	3.3	5.0	17.6	31.8	27.8	11.7	3.3	15.0	8.3
Scotland	4.8	8.2	25.4	19.2	28.8	10.9	2.7	13.6	13.
Denmark	0.6	4.8	16.2	32.4	33.	12.8	.6	13.4	5.4
Holland	5.0	5.7	21.4	25.	33.7	8.5	.7	9.2	10.7
England	5.6	14.1	24.0	12.4	35.4	6.	2.7	8.7	19.7
Average Foreign Born	1.1	2.9	7.3	26.6	16.5	30.8	14.8	45.6	4.0
Average White Draft	4.1	8.0	15.2	23.8	25.0	17.0	7.1	24.1	12.1

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foreign birth upon whose examination the above figures are based, 164,160 were of such low intelligence that they graded in occupation lower than the common laborer, and were those whose work required continual supervision. In the army they were not considered to be good soldier material, but were largely assigned to pioneer battalions for work that required muscular rather than mental strength.

Equally interesting and suggestive is the low percentage of the higher intelligence group of A and B, reaching only four per cent. This group shows the small percentage of intelligent people of foreign birth as compared with the percentage of 12.1 found in the general white draft, composed of all recruits in the army except the colored races. Certainly it is evident that the number of immigrants capable of understanding the duties and obligations, as well as the opportunity for progress, which our citizenship entails is alarmingly small.

It will also be found that immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe is more undesirable than from other parts of that continent. We can gauge the desirability of immigrants by the relative proportion of those in A and B classes, and by the number in D and D minus. We cannot seriously be opposed to immigrants from Great Britain, Holland, Canada, Germany, Denmark and Scandinavia, where the proportion of the higher groups is above 4 per cent and reaching a maximum of 19 per cent, as in the case of England. We can, however, strenuously object to immigration from Italy with its proportion at the lower end of the scale of 63.4 per cent; of Russia with 60.4; of Poland with 69.9; of Greece with 43.6; and of Turkey with 41.6 per cent. The Slavic and Latin countries show a marked contrast in intelligence with the Western and Northern European group. It is largely from this source that the stream of intelligent citizenship is polluted. So long as this emptying of undesirables into this country continues, there is decreasing hope of improving the standard of our citizens.

As a result of our previous negligence in selection of immigrants, we have populated this country with hordes of the unfit, who are unadaptable to our requirements of citizenship. The census of 1920 reveals that out of a total white population of 94,820,915,

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the number born in foreign countries was 13,712,754. If we apply to this latter number the ratings as to intelligence found by the psychological test in the army, 14.8 per cent of foreign-born being in D minus class, the number would be 2,029,484. Those rated as Class D (30.1 per cent) would number 3,927,538. This brings the total of these two classes, who are rated as having a mental age of eleven years or less, to 5,957,026. It would be interesting if there were some figures showing what proportion of this large number took some part in industry and production, and what proportion were dependent, criminal or worthless; but there are no present adequate means of determining these facts. The presumptions being that the higher the intellectual status the more efficient the human machine, the inference follows that this large portion of our population are little fitted to work or vote, and tend to become burdens upon society, either as dependents or misdemeanants.

A significant fact in the report of distribution of our immigrant population, is the tendency for the larger portion, although mainly rural in their foreign homes, to become urban in this country. This is shown by the fact that over one-third of foreign-born immigrants have settled in the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, States that are industrial rather than agricultural. The herding together of a large foreign population in cities cannot but tend to racial grouping in which the language and customs of the race are preserved, and to make Americanization a slow and difficult process. It is not hard to find communities in this country in which the English language is to the inhabitants a foreign tongue, and in which habits of thought and conduct are widely variant from those of neighboring communities. This is a condition which militates against the development of those characteristics which are requisite for citizenship. They are dwelling in this country, but are by no means a part of it. They cannot understand our high purposes and they can neither vote with discrimination nor properly conform to our laws.

It is apparent that there is a startling discrepancy in the number of immigrants who are of high intellectual capacity. This may be due to the fact that their mental gifts enable them to

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succeed in the competition of life in the old country. It is not wholly because conditions in Europe are so unfavorable that the lower groups cannot make a living, but rather because their mental unfitness prevents them from prospering in the old country as it does in the United States.

Who are the unfit? The groups at the lower end of the psychological scale are the undesirable. They are distinctly subnormal, and as such cannot react favorably in their new environment. They are wholly unadaptable. It is impossible without a psychological test to determine who belong to these groups. One cannot recognize the high grade imbecile at sight. Many of them are physically perfect, and show upon their faces no trace of the stigmata usually associated with feeble mentality. Notwithstanding the popular impression that the physiognomy reflects the condition of the mind, it is seldom possible to make a correct diagnosis of mental defect from the facial expression. It is poetic to talk of the eye as the window of the soul, but it is by no means to be relied upon as a practical test.

The group classified as D minus, representing a mental age under nine years, is distinctly feeble-minded. The three recognized grades of imbecility are: The low grade, with a mental age of three to five years; the middle grade, five to seven years; and the high grade, seven to nine years. In the army classification D minus may include some men as low as four or five years of mentality. The percentage of the D minus group in the general draft was 7.1 per cent. The percentage of this class among the recruits of foreign birth was 14.8, a little more than twice as many. Calculating the number of foreign birth in the army as 360,000, the number of D minus men was 25,200, a rather large handicap to the efficiency of an army. These figures do not, however, represent the average for the country at large, because the local examining boards were able to recognize and exclude from the draft many individuals who were obviously deficient. It is fair to assume that the proportion of high grade imbeciles of foreign birth among the general population far exceeds the 15 per cent that passed the local boards and were sent to cantonments.

This group is wholly illiterate. The test of illiteracy in the army was ability to read a newspaper or to write a letter home.

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The amount of schooling obtained by D minus men was extremely limited. Only eleven per cent were able to go beyond the second grade. Of this small number many were promoted to higher grades because of the despair of the teacher, or because their age and physical development demanded their advancement. Most of them could get no further than the first grade, and a few passed to the second grade, at which point reading or writing cannot be said to be a practical accomplishment.

Adaptation to environment being accomplished by correct judgments of large and small problems of life, it can scarcely be said that the D minus class have any capacity in this direction. The formation of a judgment being dependent upon active perception, sustained power of attention and competent associative memory, it is impossible when these three faculties are deficient or absent to expect a correct judgment upon any other than the simplest and most objective of problems. Will power being the automatic consequent of judgment, it is scarcely to be expected that inhibition would be an active factor in their lives. To act or to refrain from action is with them largely a reflex. If the stimulus is a pleasant though ultimately a disastrous one, they react automatically, without ordinary emotional control, with results that may be very unfortunate. They think with the spinal cord rather than with the brain.

Marriage of the mental defectives is their most common and serious reaction. Like produces like, and many families of lesser notoriety than the Kalikacks and Jukes lengthen out the chain of paupers, criminals and imbeciles that fill our courts and institutions, and become a burden upon philanthropy. There is scarcely a charitable agency that has not for years upon its books helpless families resulting from marriages of imbeciles.

What is their status in industry? They are grossly inefficient. Their work is occasional and desultory. They are far below the grade of common labor. They cannot be depended upon to work without the closest supervision. Unable to read, or to understand the simplest directions, they usually are employed on the most commonplace of tasks. The necessity of providing for the future does not stimulate them to continuous labor, and they work only long enough to satisfy immediate desires, and are idle

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until hunger or necessity again drives them to work. In every community are a few dependent families that cannot seem to get along, and are a constant burden and problem to municipal or organized charity.

Fortunately their criminal tendencies are of a mild kind. Their crimes are those of passion or false motive, since they have not sufficient mentality to plan complicated offenses or to premeditate serious crimes. Among the disciplinary cases tried by special and summary court martial, the offenses of the D minus group consisted mainly of such as disobedience of orders, insubordination or disloyal statements, and seldom arose to the importance of crimes of acquisitiveness (larceny, forgery, fraud), or to assault or murder.

The D class, representing a stage between imbecility and dull normality, was somewhat more useful, but little more dependable. They were in no sense soldier material. They composed pioneer battalions, with pick and shovel to build roads, to drive teams, and contributed only in a muscular way to the work of the army. Constant supervision of their work was necessary. Even simple tasks were beyond their powers if continuous labor was necessary. They wholly lacked initiative. Their educational possibility was limited to the fifth grade. Sixty-eight per cent finished their schooling at this point, and those who reached higher grades were promoted because of age rather than because of school accomplishment. Even if kept for years in a grade they made no progress. According to the army test, they were for the most part illiterate. Diminished power of attention, feeble perceptive qualities, and deficient associative memory, prevented them from acquiring more than the most rudimentary education.

Within the D class are included many who are called "simple", —not definitely feeble-minded, but rather subnormal,—who fairly well adapt themselves to a simple environment, but are unable to meet in industrial competition those of higher intellectual endowment. They are simple but inoffensive people of good character, honest, and contented with their surroundings. They endure hardship and deprivation without much complaint, are easily exploited by the more cunning, and are incapable of anything other than stolid acceptance of what fate brings to them. They

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can comprehend only concrete ideas. Their minds do not rise to the level of the abstract, and all their problems are referred back to past experiences, upon which alone they form their judgments.

Men of the D class are physically well developed. A large number of them are attractive, and pass in the crowd as normal. Many, by reason of their emotional instability, are regarded on first sight as unusually quick and responsive. They laugh easily and are with equal ease moved to tears. It is practically impossible by inspecting the physiognomy or figure of a D class man to distinguish him from a higher intellectual type.

In this class belongs the moron, whose intellectual level seldom exceeds that of eleven years. The moron is marked by a low intellectual level combined with an emotional instability and lack of inhibition that leads to infraction of social customs and laws. He is a reflex arc, rather than a reasoning being. What gives him pleasure is the height of his ambition. He thinks not of to-morrow, but is content if to-day finds him well fed and his other appetites satisfied. He is regardless of the restraint of law, not so much through vicious intention as by the pressing necessity of gratifying his wants. He is the petty criminal, who steals or assaults for the satisfaction of his impulses, without much thought of the consequences. He lives in the present, unwarned by past punishments and heedless of the future. He spends with reckless hand the earnings of to-day without thought of the needs of to-morrow. His morals are limited by his instincts. He is, in times of stress, forced to depend on charity. In industry he has little place. His work is haphazard and only sufficient to supply immediate wants. He is the casual farm laborer, the tramp, the hanger-on in the slums of cities, the easy-going, care-free improvident, who, without persistence enough to be a common laborer or skill to acquire a trade, does the menial and degrading, though necessary, work of the world. Morons fill the workhouses and public institutions of the country. From 60 to 70 per cent of prostitutes are in this group. They marry and produce children in the proportion of two to one as compared with the higher intellectual grades.

How can it be expected that these of low intellectual grade can

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become good citizens? To become a worthy citizen of this country only a few things are required, but they are essential. Understanding of the general principles on which our Government is founded is one of them. Respect for law and recognition of the rights of others is another. Is it possible that the feeble mentality of the D minus class can comprehend the beneficent principles on which our Government is based? Is it likely that the D class can recognize the advantages of our free institutions or can properly assume the duties and obligations which citizenship imposes? To what extent can these two classes exercise the duty of voting for our rulers? Unable to read books or papers, they cannot get in proper touch with their surroundings. Lacking in judgment and power of inhibition, they cannot properly comprehend the conditions of their environment, nor can they resist the forceful inclination to break the laws which restrain them from the gratification of their instinctive desires. Being constitutionally inferior, they are necessarily socially inadequate. They cannot conform to the normal customs of society. Creatures of transient and often violent emotions, they are swayed by the voice of the demagogue with consequences dangerous to orderly government. They are incapable of becoming good citizens by reason of intellectual deficiency, and they should be allowed no place in this country and no voice in its affairs.

We have talked much of the Americanization of the foreigner. Theoretically this means that we shall educate him in the methods of our Government, teach him our language, and familiarize him with those social customs which are peculiar to this country. We shall teach him patriotism, the significance of our flag, and prepare him to make an intelligent use of the ballot. This is an ideal that is in every way worthy. But how does it work out in practice? It can hardly be more than fifty per cent successful, because only half of the immigrants have intelligence enough to receive the education which we wish to give them. When we realize that by reason of their mental limitations one half of them cannot progress beyond the fifth grade in our elementary schools, how optimistic should we become over the prospect of teaching them civics, patriotism, or the wise use of the franchise? We cannot hope to make worthy citizens

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of the subnormal, nor can we hope that they will ever be led in the use of their votes by any other than their emotions, too often played upon by the demagogue and crooked politician. The elaborate scheme of Americanization is abruptly halted by the no-thoroughfare of limited mentality of 45 per cent of our immigrants.

The parallel between the percentage of illiterates and the percentage of low grade intelligence is startling. It was determined by the simple test of inability to read a paragraph from a paper, or to write a letter, that 24 per cent of the recruits in the army were illiterate. It is not a mere coincidence that in the general white draft the percentage in the D and D minus classes were 22 per cent. It is very evident that these groups could not be otherwise than illiterate, since their mental equipment could not receive education higher than the fifth grade, and a large proportion of these were advanced in classes by reason of age and growth rather than by their school performance. Education can be received only by those who have the intelligence to receive it. It does not create intelligence. That is what one is born with. The intelligent can receive education only in proportion to their capacity. The D minus group cannot go beyond the second grade. The D group cannot pass the fifth grade. The C minus group finds its limit at the eighth grade. The C group can enter the high school, but cannot finish it, while the C plus group can finish the high school.

We must reckon always to have a high percentage of illiterates, no matter how excellent are our schools, for the two lower groups cannot become literate no matter how long they are instructed. A pint cup cannot hold a quart, nor can limited mental equipment absorb more than its quota of education. It is useless to clamor for education of the lower groups. They cannot receive it. What is of more urgent necessity is education of the higher groups to fuller comprehension of their environment, to greater realization of the duties and obligations of citizenship, and for the procurement of a higher degree of justice for the less intelligent, who are too often the victims of the selfishness and cruelty of those of higher mental endowment.

It is time to awaken to the necessity of protecting this country

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from the influx of the worthless. Unless we do so we shall degenerate to the level of the Slav and Latin races, with their illiteracy, ignorance and consequent degradation. America is becoming Europeanized, not with the best but with the worst element of that continent. We cannot swim against the tide of foreign invasion unless it is checked and directed into less harmful channels.

We are being swamped with the offscourings of Europe. Those at the lower end of the intellectual scale have brought to us their social customs, their language, their political ideas. They cannot assimilate our ideals. Their adaptability to their new surroundings is limited. They cannot become citizens in the highest meaning of that word. They cannot enter into the spirit of American life. They add little except numbers to the body politic. They add to the burdens of State and municipality, and render more difficult and complex the administration of law and order.

We need immigrants. Our fields are hungry for cultivation. Our resources lie fallow, awaiting the laborer. We need immigrants, but not of the kind that comes to us in the largest numbers. We need those with intelligence, who are adaptable to the environment which we offer them. We need the honest, intelligent, hard-working and thrifty men, who are able to appreciate the opportunities which our free institutions afford and who are able and willing to assume and discharge the duties and obligations which citizenship imposes.

We do not need the ignorant, the mentally feeble, the moron. We already suffer from the presence of too many whose low mentality leads them into pauperism, crime, sex offenses and dependency. We have no place in this country for the "man with the hoe", stained with the earth he digs, and guided by a mind scarcely superior to the ox, whose brother he is.

> Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
> Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

We must awaken to the dangers which are increasingly threatening. If we wish to preserve to this country the ideals which inspire its founders, we must protect ourselves against the

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degenerate horde whom we now heedlessly invite to come to us. We must view the immigration problem from a new angle. We must forget those sentimental bywords, like "a refuge for the oppressed of other nations", unless we want to be oppressed by the burden of ignorance and degeneracy which such a catchword invites.

Our immigration laws have not afforded and cannot afford us adequate protection against the undesirable immigrant. They are the outcome of the foolish policy of regarding the quantity rather than the quality of those who come to our shores. The literacy test excludes many of high intellectual capacity, who in the old country had no opportunity for education. We must apply ourselves to the task with the new weapons of science, rather than with an armament that is based on crude and imperfect comprehension of the problem. When bubonic plague, typhus or cholera threatens, we meet the danger with the perfect weapons formed for us by science. We must in the same manner meet the far more serious danger that threatens our body politic and our institutions.

It is not enough to guard only against the physically defective. We must recognize that the more imminent danger is from the mentally feeble. Prior to the Great War we had no standard by which we could measure a man's intellect. The exigencies of that conflict produced such an instrument, and it is now as easy to calculate one's mental equipment as it is to measure his height and weight. The examination of over two million recruits has tested and verified this standard, so that there is little of controversy as to its reliability and efficiency. The application of this new method to intending immigrants will enable us to select those who are worthy and reject those who are worthless.

ARTHUR SWEENEY.

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FRANCE IN THE DOCK

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

It pains me to be obliged to write this article. I would never have thought that my country—a country that had undergone the horrors of the worst war in the history of the world, a country that had seen seven of its richest Departments reduced to ruins, a country that had sacrificed one million four hundred thousand men for the common defense of civilization, and which had been so moderate in reaping the benefits of its victory—should now be put in the dock, not by her enemies, but by her allies of yesterday. I would not, above all, have believed that this indictment could have found an echo in America, which I have ever considered a close sister of France; or that the voices of Americans could ever have harmonized with those of the Germans in this requisition.

Still, it serves no good purpose to blind oneself to the truth. We must see things, not as they should be, but as they are. The truth is of itself forceful enough to triumph over all passions and all interests.

First Indictment:—France Keeps a Large Army, Larger Than Before the War. This accusation, which has the greatest currency, took definite form in the United States Senate. Let us consider the figures:

In July, 1914, the French Republic had under arms on national territory—that is to say in France—736,000 officers and men, and in its colonial possessions—Algeria, Morocco, Soudan, Madagascar, and Indo-China—220,000, making a total of 956,000 officers and men. The first of this year (1922), the French Republic, according to the official figures of the Minister of War, had under arms both on French national territory and in the Occupied Area on the Rhine 570,000, and in its colonial possessions 220,000, making a total of 790,000 officers and men. This means a diminution of 166,000 men from the figures of before the War, or about 18 per cent. A new law is now being considered by the French

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Parliament, which will cause every Frenchman to enter the service for a period of eighteen months until 1925; and for one year after 1925, instead of for three years as before the War. The number of men on active service in the French army—in France proper and on the Rhine—after the law is voted, will therefore be only 450,000 until 1925; and 330,000 after 1925. To this we may add the colonial troops—Algerians, Moroccans, Africans, and Indo-Chinese—for police duty, which will continue to amount to some 220,000 men. We will thus have for France and its colonies a grand total of 670,000 men up to 1925; and 550,000 men after that. This will mean an immediate reduction of thirty per cent from the strength before the War; and a reduction of forty per cent after 1925.

If we compare these figures with those of the British Empire and the German Reich, this is what we find: The effectives of the British Empire, as provided for by the budget of 1921–1922, including India, amount to 640,000 men. But this does not include the forces of the various Dominions. The French army in 1923—670,000 men in all—will therefore be much less than that of the British Empire including its Dominions. As for the German army, there are for the present the *Reichswehr*, amounting to 100,000 men, and the *Schutzpolizei*, amounting to 150,000 men, making a total of 250,000 men. The French army will therefore be greater than the German army up to 1925 as well as after. But we must not forget that the German army is merely a skeleton, upon which a larger army may be built on a moment's notice, and that it is remarkably well prepared and trained for war. Out of the 100,000 men in the *Reichswehr* there are, for example, not less than 41,877 non-commissioned officers, all veterans of the War; while the French army, renewed each year, will ever be an army of novices, with a mediocre training and with insufficient experience.

Here we have the facts and figures. One can thus see that this accusation is baseless on all points. The large French army is actually smaller than the little British army; and after 1925, if one deducts the colonial troops and those used for policing purposes, it will be but slightly superior to that of Germany.

Second Indictment:—France Spends an Immense Amount of

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MONEY ON HER ARMY AND ON ARMAMENTS. This second accusation is derived from the first, and was also formulated in the United States Senate. Let us again examine the figures:

The credits granted to the French Ministry of War for the year 1922 (January 1 to December 31) amount exactly to 3,709,345,454 francs; namely, 2,960,875,269 francs for the ordinary permanent expenditures of the French army, and 748,470,185 francs for the exceptional extraordinary expenditures resulting from the hostilities in the Near East. In all justice it is right to deduct the 748,470,185 francs from the exceptional outlays, for, as the name itself indicates, these expenses will fall to zero as soon as peace shall have been reëstablished in the Balkans, and in Asia Minor. It is even proper to deduct from the ordinary permanent expenditures of the army the 438,000,000 francs which represent the cost of occupation in Morocco and the cost of the military services which are established there; 225,000,000 francs representing the cost of the French colonial troops in Indo-China, in Africa, and Madagascar; 158,000,000 francs representing the cost of the constabulary in France, and 1,700,000 francs representing the cost of the constabulary in Alsace-Lorraine. These deductions made, the French army will cost France exactly 2,139,485,269 francs for 1922; namely, about a twelfth part of the budget of the total expenditures of France, which exceeds twenty-five billion francs.

Her army and land armaments cost France 2,139,485,269 francs. Let us, if you will, convert this sum into dollars. The dollar to-day being estimated at eleven francs, this represents $194,498,660. Now, if we look at the American budget, we note that for the fiscal year of 1921–1922 (July 1 to June 30) the expenditures of the army exceeded $325,000,000, and that for the fiscal year 1916–1917 (the last year preceding the entry of the United States into the War) these expenditures amounted to exactly $358,158,361.

And, if we examine the British budget, we note that for the fiscal year 1921–1922 the expenditure on the British army amounted to exactly £106,315,000, or about $400,000,000.

France, therefore, spends less to-day for its army than America, and she does not spend half of what is spent by Great Britain.

Third Indictment:—FRANCE IS INCREASING HER EXPENSES EVERY YEAR, AS WELL AS HER ISSUES OF PAPER MONEY.

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Figures will contradict this assertion as energetically as the two others.

The French budget in 1920 amounted to twenty-seven billion francs ($5,350,000,000 at par); in 1921 it amounted to twenty-six and a half billion francs ($5,300,000,000 at par); and in 1922 it amounts to twenty-five billion francs ($5,000,000,000 at par). It has therefore been decreasing steadily for the last three years, instead of augmenting as some charge. Each of these budgets has been covered by equivalent receipts. The 1922 budget of twenty-five billion francs has already in view nineteen billion francs to be collected in direct and indirect taxes, and six billion francs in the special tax on War profits and the liquidation of War stocks.

It is true that before the War the French budget amounted to only five billion francs ($1,000,000,000). But, as I have already explained in a previous article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the War has cost France the formidable sum of $56,130,000,000. France has been obliged to borrow both from her citizens and from other nations in order to meet this terrible financial bleeding. And now she is obliged to underwrite her budget before all else for thirteen billion francs ($2,600,000,000 at par) annually, to pay the interest and the amortisement of her debt. This annual debt of thirteen billion francs will rest upon the shoulders of France for many generations. This annual debt of thirteen billion francs was contracted for services rendered to civilization, and Germany will never pay a single cent on it, because the Peace Treaty stated that she should not be required to pay. This annual debt of thirteen billion francs will, on the other hand, accrue other billions soon, when the United States and Great Britain ask France to pay the interest and amortisement of what is due them.

As for the issue of paper money, it amounted to thirty-eight and a half billion francs ($7,650,000,000 at par) in 1919; but in the course of the year 1921 this issue was reduced by more than two billion francs, and is now but thirty-six billion francs ($7,200,000,000). The issue of paper money has thus been diminished by $450,000,000.

There is on the other hand a country in Europe whose expense budget has augmented to fabulous proportions, and where the in-

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flation of currency has attained extravagant heights. Yet this country has intact all of its productive forces, and not one of its factories has been damaged by the War. This country is Germany! The budgetary deficit in Germany amounted to forty-nine billion marks in 1919; sixty-two billions in 1920; and one hundred and ninety billions in 1921. It is in Germany, too, that the issue of paper money, which on December 31, 1918, amounted to 32,300,000,000 marks, was more than 48,360,000,000 on December 31, 1919; 80,200,000,000 on December 31, 1920; and more than 110,500,000,000 on December 31, 1921.

So when, in America, one talks of a European country that continually augments its deficits and issues of paper currency, one is right when referring to Germany, but all wrong in thus referring to France.

Fourth Indictment:—FRANCE, IN WANTING GERMANY TO PAY TO THE LAST CENT WHAT SHE OWES, PUSHES HER TOWARD BANKRUPTCY. This is the accusation most common in so-called international financial circles. Let us see what it is worth:

France, in virtue of the Treaty of Versailles, to which the representatives of seventeen nations—including America—affixed their signatures, is given the right to require Germany's payment, first, of the total reparations due on the devastation caused by the German army, and second, of the total War pensions due the widows, orphans, and disabled. After two years of study, the Reparations Commission fixed the total sum to be paid, at 218 billion francs, which was therefore due to France.

But at the Conference that took place in London in May, 1921, and on the energetic insistence of Mr. Lloyd George, it was decided that Germany's total debt to the Allies should not, under any circumstances, amount to more than 132 billion gold marks (about 158 billion francs at par). It was also decided that of this sum, France should have fifty-two per cent, or about 68 billion gold marks. At the rate of exchange current March 1, 1922, 68 billion gold marks amounted to something like 180 billion francs, or a reduction of almost twenty per cent on the actual debt as fixed by the Reparations Commission. If, as is quite probable, the franc continues to rise in value, the exchange value of the 68 billion gold marks will rise in consequence, and the actual sum due

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France will further diminish. If the value of the franc returns to par, the 68 billion gold marks will represent only 85 billion francs. The reduction consented to by France is thus actually one-fifth of the original, and it is possible that it may be reduced by three-fifths. How many creditor nations are there that had after a terrible war, consented to such reductions for the benefit of the debtor nations, their enemies? Is America ready to make similar reductions for the nations that were yesterday her allies?

Out of the 132 billion gold marks that Germany engaged herself to pay in reparations on May 5, 1921, she has paid up to March 1, 1922, a little more than six and a half billion gold marks —that is, 1,200,000,000 marks in money, and the rest in kind, such as ships, cattle, coal, railroad material, etc. This represents in all $1,622,000,000. But, as the payments were first applicable to the reimbursement to America and England for what they spent to feed Germany after the Armistice (about $1,000,000,000), and then to the cost of maintaining the Armies of Occupation on the Rhine, which on March 1 last amounted to almost $1,400,000,000, France has not as yet touched a single cent of German money for its own reparations and pensions.

Yet as she could not permit her villages to remain in ruins, and as she had to repair her burned-out factories, her ravaged fields, her flooded mines, and pay the pensions of her widows, orphans and disabled, France has been obliged to advance the money to Germany. The sums thus advanced amount to 80 billion francs, to-day (about $6,500,000,000 at the average rate of exchange for the past three years). The payments were made as follows:

Reparations for the Devastated Area	$3,600,000,000
Pensions for widows, wounded and disabled	2,400,000,000
Interest on the sums borrowed to pay the above expenses	500,000,000
Total	$6,500,000,000

Thus France, which has seen seven of its richest industrial Departments ravaged, destroyed, and in some cases completely obliterated, has been able to find, since the Armistice, the force to supply from within the country itself the sum of six and a half billion dollars to dress her wounds, reconstruct her villages, and her factories, and pay the pensions of her widows, her wounded,

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and her disabled. And Germany, which is absolutely intact, which has not so much as an inch of its territory destroyed, which has all its factories, and which can dispose of all its productive forces, has been unable to pay much more than one and a half billion dollars, of which only one-sixth was paid in kind.

For the past three years, the German Government has been spending money extravagantly. In 1921 it spent more than 250 billion marks. It has fairly rained money on its functionaries, as if it meant nothing at all. The employees of the railroads alone, which are owned by the Government, at the beginning of 1921 augmented their salaries by twelve billion marks. It has delivered itself up to all sorts of prodigalities in spending, the budget of 1921 including nine billion marks for the construction of cottages for workmen! It has voluntarily neglected its receipts: a railroad trip of 100 kilometers in France costs $1.75, and the same trip in Germany only costs 38 cents. It has deliberately permitted its citizens to export to Switzerland, and other foreign countries, their capital, their stocks and bonds, and their money. It has been very lenient in taxation, the tax per capita in Germany being only $13.88 while in France it is $45.62.

It is thus that the German Government is going bankrupt. It is going joyfully, hurriedly! Never have a people precipitated themselves to ruin with so much pleasure! Never have creditors looked on more complaisantly! Never have they shown themselves so indulgent to their debtor, as have the Allies in regard to Germany!

Fifth Indictment:—FRANCE DOES NOT INTEND TO PAY AMERICA WHAT SHE OWES, AND WANTS THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER TO PAY FOR THE UPKEEP OF HER MILITARY AND CIVILIAN INSTITUTIONS. This accusation was made verbatim by a United States Senator. Let us examine it.

The United States has loaned France exactly $3,151,506,337, which, according to an official document of the United States Treasury Department, was employed as follows:—

1.—Excess of French purchases in the United States over United States purchases in France.....	$455,545,147.59
2.—Loans used for the liquidation of debts in this country (U. S.) contracted prior to April 1, 1917.....	806,630,000.00

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3.—Transportation and shipping	$154,878,700.59
4.—Interest	268,791,426.37
5.—Payment of maturing obligations	289,744,755.28
6.—Funds for relief work	143,137,042.12
7.—Purchase of silver	6,300,000.00
8.—Repayment of loans to England	1,026,479,265.85
Total loans	$3,151,506,337.80

It is but necessary to glance at this report, to note that of these three billions loaned by America not a cent crossed the Atlantic; and that all this money was spent in the United States. One cannot imagine anything more absurd or more untrue than the statement that "France wants the American taxpayer to pay her for the upkeep of her military and civilian institutions".

France will reimburse these three billions. She has always said that she would pay. She will be, according to the words of M. Viviani, as exact in the field of affairs as she has shown herself on the field of battle. She asks but two things: First, that she be given the time to pay. France has accorded Germany seventy-five years to pay her seventeen billion dollars for reparations. And second, that Germany shall not be encouraged to evade her just debts. The same day that the United States Senate proclaimed its intention to make the Allies pay their debts to the very last cent, Mr. Hoover's advisory committee declared that "the reparations must be readjusted". France knows what "readjustment" means. It means that the reparations must be further diminished, after they have already been diminished by twenty per cent. Thus we see our creditors rap at the strong-box of France, asking for payment, and at the same time wishing to stop her from collecting what is her due. A rather strange comprehension of logic and arithmetic!

The case rests here. I stated that I would give facts and figures. I have laid down the accusation and the reply. I will let the American people, whom I consider the most just on earth, return the verdict. France is ready to incline itself before all those who study and know the truth, but not before those who ignore it and pervert it.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

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"YELLOW" AND "RED" TRADE UNIONS

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

Two new international forces of vast magnitude have appeared on the horizon of Europe since the termination of the war. The basis for these forces is the new position of importance acquired by labor during the war in all the belligerent countries. From the point of view of the numbers involved, these forces are greater than even the huge armies brought into being in the course of the war. From the point of view of their potential power, they have much more efficient means of affecting the most vital phases of the life of various nations than the armies ever possessed.

These forces are the two new international organizations, uniting the various trade unions of Europe, as well as of a number of countries outside of Europe. The first has its centre in Amsterdam, and is called officially the International Federation of Trade Unions, though it has been dubbed by its opponents the "Yellow" Trade Union International. It claims to speak for nearly thirty million workmen. The second has its centre in Moscow and is known officially as the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions, though its colloquial appellation is the "Red" Trade Union International. It lays claim to representing seventeen million workmen.

Apart from these bodies stands the American Federation of Labor, representing nearly five million workmen. For some time it was affiliated with the Amsterdam International. But it withdrew about a year ago, and is now more or less actively opposed to both the "Yellow" and the "Red" Internationals.

The magnitude which is claimed for the numerical strength of the two international bodies is a very forceful indication of the development of organized labor during and since the war. These two bodies, particularly so far as their magnitude, scale of operations, character and potentialities are concerned, may be considered a direct result of the war and its aftermath.

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I

The war has had several very important effects upon the labor movement in all countries, particularly so far as those phases of it are concerned which deal with the trade unions, or so-called organized labor. It has been calculated by the International Labor Office attached to the Headquarters of the League of Nations in Geneva, that the membership of the various labor organizations in twenty countries for which statistics are available had more than trebled during the decade from 1910 to 1920, increasing from 10,835,000 in 1910 to 13,222,000 in 1914, and to 32,680,000 in 1920. Thus most of this increase came during the second half of the decade, i.e., since the beginning of the war.

The organized labor movement showed this stupendous growth not only from the point of view of the internal situation in the countries enumerated, but also from the viewpoint of its international activities. In this respect, the development of the trade union movement has been due also to very vital changes introduced by the war in the whole international labor movement, both in its Socialist and strictly labor aspects.

Before the war, there existed in Europe two international bodies, the Socialist International, which united the Socialist parties of various countries, and the International Trade Union Secretariat, the precursor of the present Amsterdam Federation. The spheres of activities of the two bodies were delimited with a fair degree of clarity. The Socialist International was concerned primarily with political problems, making directly for the establishment of Socialism, while the Trade Union International busied itself chiefly with economic problems, dealing with conditions of labor, etc.

The war broke up both of these bodies. The Socialist International went to pieces because the various Socialist parties which composed it gave up their international affiliations in order to support their various governments in the war. No attempt to reconstruct the Socialist International was made until after the war, when a conference of Socialists of both the Allied and the enemy countries took place in Berne.

The International Trade Union Secretariat—which, by the

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way, reorganized itself shortly before the war into the International Federation of Trade Unions—was largely controlled by the Germans and also went to pieces when the war began. Two parallel attempts were made, however, one on each side of the battlefront, to establish some sort of unity. In 1916, an Inter-Allied Trade Union Conference was held in Leeds, and a temporary centre was created in Paris for the trade unions of the Allied countries. Some months later, a Central Powers and Neutrals Trade Union Conference was held in Berne, and a similar centre was created for the remaining group of trade unions. The reorganization of the International Trade Union Federation on the basis of a reuniting of these two parallel groups was not effected until the Amsterdam Conference, held in July, 1919.

But by the time that these after-war attempts were made to reorganize the Socialist and the Trade Union Internationals, there was already in existence a new force, placing itself in opposition to both Internationals. This new force, the most spectacular of the forces born of the war, was the Communist régime in Moscow, which during the first months following the war, was just beginning to project itself upon a world arena, and which succeeded very rapidly in effecting such a projection in the conditions of the war's aftermath. There was a vital difference, however, in the manner in which the Moscow leaders attacked the two Internationals, and this difference happened to be much more favorable to the Trade Union than to the Socialist International.

To the reëstablishment of the Second or Socialist International at Berne, the Communist leaders opposed the formation of the Third or Communist International at Moscow. All through 1919 and the first half of 1920, the efforts of the Communist International were directed towards the destruction of the Socialist International. The success achieved by Moscow in this regard has been very marked. The line of attack was two-fold. In the first place, agitation was carried on within the ranks of the separate Socialist parties comprising the International, having in view the gaining of their sympathies for the Moscow International. In the second place, efforts were made to force these component parties to withdraw from the Socialist International in the hope

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of eventually getting them into the fold of the Communist International.

Moscow was successful along both of these lines, though not so much along the second as along the first. The Socialist International has lost most of its important parties, and is now virtually defunct. But these parties have not joined Moscow, either. Most of them have split, part going to Moscow for its international affiliation, and the other part joining a new body, the Fourth International, organized several months ago at a conference held in Vienna. These results are entirely in keeping with the whole experience of the Communist leaders: eminently successful in their destructive aims, they fail most markedly in all their efforts at constructive activities.

But entirely apart from this aspect of the situation, the three-line split of the International Socialist movement has had a very important effect on the labor movement. With the loss of prestige by the movement whose aims were principally political, the consummation of some of these political aims now devolves on the labor organizations themselves, and this fact lends a new coloration to many of their activities.

Busy with their internal problems and with their fight against the Socialist International, the Moscow leaders overlooked the growing importance and prestige of the Amsterdam Federation. Its creation in the summer of 1919 passed practically unnoticed in the communist circles. It was not until the summer of 1920, or almost a year later, that the Moscow leaders woke up to the importance of the new international formation. And in the meantime, the Amsterdam Federation had had time to gather sufficient strength to render it a more formidable opponent to the Communist International than either the Second or the Fourth Socialist Internationals.

II

The first marked appearance of the trade unions on an international scale was in the 'nineties of the past century, when unions in various industries began to form their own international organizations. These organizations continue to exist and func-

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tion to-day. But in 1901, the trade union federations of some of the important European countries met for a conference in Copenhagen and organized the International Trade Union Secretariat, as a world centre and clearing house of the trade union movement. Another conference was held in Stuttgart the following year, and a third conference in Dublin in 1903. After that conferences were held every two years until the beginning of the war. In 1913, the Secretariat was reorganized and became the International Federation of Trade Unions. Karl Legien, secretary of the German Federation of Trade Unions, was elected International Secretary and served in that capacity until the war.

In the year of its formation, i.e., in 1913, the International Federation had twenty-one countries affiliated with it, each through its own trade union centre. The total membership was about eight million (7,394,461 in 1912). The dues were a mark and a half for each thousand members. The objects of the Federation, as defined by its constitution, were entirely economic in character, being principally as follows: the gathering of statistics and the preparation of reports; appeals and financial help to affiliated bodies; resolutions in favor of labor legislation; promotion of national unity in the movement.

The new International Federation, created at the Amsterdam conference in July, 1919, is not a continuation of the old. It is a new organization, with different aims, a much larger scope of activities, and nationally different leadership. Instead of monopolizing the executive body of the Federation, the Germans are not even represented on the Executive Bureau, which has charge of the Federation's affairs. At the time of its organization, the Federation represented fourteen countries, including the United States. It first officers, elected at the Amsterdam conference, were as follows: President, W. A. Appleton of England; Vice-Presidents, Samuel Gompers of the United States and Leon Jouhaux of France; Secretaries, Oudegeest and Fimmen, both of Holland.

According to the constitution of the Federation, these five officers constitute the Executive Bureau of the Federation. They must meet once a month and have charge of the conduct of affairs. Besides the Executive Bureau, there is also a Management

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Committee, consisting of the officers and ten members from affiliated countries. The Committee must meet twice a year. The conferences of the Federation to determine policies are provided for biennially, but special conferences may be called in the intervals between regular ones.

The objects of the Amsterdam Federation, even as stated in the constitution, are much broader than those of the old Federation. They consist in promoting the trade union movement on a national as well as international scale, particularly in countries not affiliated with the Federation; in promoting the interests of trade unions in all countries, particularly through combined action on an international scale; and in providing funds for these objects. But while these stated aims of the Federation seem far enough removed from political activity, many of the acts of the Executive Bureau were from the start tinged with a distinct political flavor.

The difference between the old and the new Federations in this regard may be seen from the following comparison: In 1907, at a regular conference of the International Secretariat, the representatives of the French Confederation of Labor raised the question of the advisability of international trade union action against war. Their motion, however, was excluded even from discussion by reason of its being political in character. It was referred and transmitted to the Socialist International. During the very first year of its existence the new Federation, by action of its Executive Bureau, organized and carried out an unsuccessful international boycott of Hungary in retaliation for repressions against labor organizations there. The boycott lasted from June 20 to August 6, 1920, and was then given up. Moreover, resolutions were passed in favor of international strike action against war; of socialization and international control over the distribution of raw materials; as well as in favor of certain amendments to the Covenant of the League of Nations and of coöperation with the International Labor Organization attached to the League of Nations.

There is no doubt that, to a large extent, these actions were dictated by the fact that in 1920 there was no Socialist International with sufficiently recognized prestige, as there had been in

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1907, to which to refer questions of a purely political character. But however that may be, these actions indicated a very definite trend in the policies of the Federation. They led to three important events in the life of the Federation, all three of them occurring before the end of 1920. The first of these was that the American Federation of Labor withdrew from the International Federation, charging the Executive Bureau with violations of the constitution and with committing the whole Federation to socialistic and revolutionary policies. The second was the resignation of the President of the Federation, W. A. Appleton, presumably for similar reasons. The third was the convocation of a special conference of the International Federation in November, 1920, in London.

At this special conference the need of political activity on the part of the Federation was very clearly and emphatically presented. The opening address, delivered by Leon Jouhaux, the ranking officer of the Executive Bureau after the resignations of Appleton and Gompers, was devoted to the question of a struggle against what was defined at the conference as the "international reaction", and this struggle was placed before the conference as the principal purpose of the Federation at the present moment. The conference formulated a number of demands, which were later on incorporated in the First of May Manifesto of the International Federation.

In this Manifesto, signed by the Executive Bureau of the Federation, headed now by J. H. Thomas of England, the new President of the Federation, the workmen of all the countries were asked not only to abstain from working on May 1, as is customary, but also to see to it that "the labor manifestations should be more grandiose than ever before". The need for these demonstrations was stated as follows:

> Reaction becomes more and more insolent in all countries. The bourgeoisie protests with increasing energy against the just demands of labor. Persecutions against labor organizations on the part of Governments become more and more severe. The efforts of the representatives of capital toward subjecting Governments to their control become more and more insistent every day.

The workmen of all the countries were then reminded by the manifesto of the "White Terror" against labor organizations in

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Hungary, Finland, Spain, etc.; of the failure of most countries to introduce labor legislation; of the apparent inability on the part of the League of Nations to solve the problems of economic reconstruction in Europe by a solution of the exchange question and an organization of distribution of raw materials, because of which there is a great deal of unemployment; of the insistent opposition on the part of the bourgeoisie to the socialization of the means of production. After enumerating all these accusations against the present order, the manifesto proposed that on May 1 the following demands be made by labor all over the world:

Socialization of land and the means of production.

The putting into immediate operation of the conventions worked out by the Washington Congress of International Labor Organization of the League of Nations.

Struggle against unemployment by regulating the system of distribution of raw materials.

International action against militarism and for universal peace.

It was because of the marked trend of the International Federation toward radical policies of this kind that the American Federation of Labor withdrew from the Amsterdam International. There were also other reasons of less importance. The relations that have existed since the end of 1920 between the American Federation and the Amsterdam International may be described as a series of negotiations for concessions on both sides. As far as the American Federation is concerned, the question of its affiliation with the international body has been a subject of discussion at two of its annual conventions, but it still appears to be far from solution.

III

The American Federation of Labor left the Amsterdam International because the latter is too radical. There is another great national trade union centre which is not affiliated with the Amsterdam body, its refusal dating back to the time of the establishment of the International. The Russian trade unions, controlled by the Russian Communist party, refused to take part in the Amsterdam Conference and denounced from the very start the

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International created there. Their objections, however, are that the Amsterdam body is not radical enough. And while the leaders of the American trade union centre have made numerous efforts to compose their differences with the Amsterdam International, the leaders of the Russian centre have worked actively in opposition to it, even going to the extent of creating their own international trade union centre in competition with Amsterdam.

The "Red" Trade Union International was created at a conference held in Moscow in July, 1920, exactly a year after the Amsterdam Conference. Officially known as the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions in order to include Syndicalist as well as trade union organizations, the Moscow International claimed to represent at the time of its creation several countries and a total membership of 8,965,000 workmen. Of this number, however, 5,200,000 members were credited to the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions. Italy was credited with 2,000,000; Spain with 800,000; and the syndicalist minority of France with 700,000.

The International Council has been created with the avowed purpose of destroying the Amsterdam Federation, against which the same arguments are used as those that had been formerly applied to the Socialist International. The general term applied to the Amsterdam International is "Yellow," which in the communist terminology has come to be a term of utmost abuse. As the Communists apply this term and its antonym, "Red," everything in the radical movements that accepts the Communist interpretation of the social revolution, recognizes the dictatorship of the proletariat as an immediate contingency, and is willing to obey unquestioningly the dictation of the Communist International, is "Red;" on the other hand, everything that opposes this or refuses to accept this is "Yellow".

So, in stating the difference between the International Council and the Amsterdam Federation, the first manifesto issued by the Council declared that the two bodies "are on the opposite sides of the barricades: on one side is social revolution, on the other side, social reaction." The Amsterdam Federation was accused of being committed to a policy of "compromises with the bourgeoisie" and of playing the rôle of "an adjunct to the League of

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Nations". In organizing the International Council, the Moscow leaders wanted to create a general staff of the international labor movement, which would be committed to a strictly revolutionary programme of an immediate social revolution in all countries. In their manifesto they announced that the distinguishing feature of their activities lies in the fact that "it is not peace, but the sword that the International Council brings the bourgeoisie of all countries".

There is, of course, a vital difference between the "Yellow" and the "Red" trade unions, and this difference is conditioned mainly upon their conceptions of the rôle of trade unions. The theory that underlies the Amsterdam Federation is that the trade unions are solely organizations of workmen, created to protect their interests and to impose their demands. Under these conditions, they should be entirely independent of any political parties. This applies equally to countries in which the means of production, such as the land, factories, etc., are in private hands and the employers of labor are individuals, and to countries in which these means of production have been nationalized, as in Russia, and the sole employer of labor is the State.

The Communist theory is opposed to this. It assigns the trade unions a dependent and secondary rôle in a Communist State. According to this theory, the trade unions, while they may consist of workmen belonging to different political parties, should be controlled and directed entirely by the Communist party, which should also control the Soviet State and the apparatus of political authority. This is the status of trade unions in Russia, and it is on this theory that the Soviet Government prohibits and severely punishes all strikes and other attempts on the part of trade union organizations to make or enforce their demands. In the international field, the trade union movement is similarly made subservient to the Communist International. A Communist writer, describing in the Moscow *Pravda* of June 1, 1921, the difference between the "Red" Trade Union International and the Communist International, states this difference as follows:

> The rôle of the latter is to guide the social revolution and later on to direct the establishment of socialistic forms on a world scale, while that of the former is to help bring the masses of labor, organized into unions, without which the

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success of the revolution is impossible, on to the path of a struggle for the dictatorship of the proletariat and also to train and prepare workmen for their tasks in the conduct of production after the political authority shall have been seized.

The principal task assigned to the International Council is to make every effort to break up the Amsterdam Federation by taking out of its hands its component trade unions. In doing this, the leaders of the Moscow Council have resorted to several means. They are working within the trade unions, trying to obtain there a decision against Amsterdam and for Moscow, and they seize every convenient occasion to attack the Amsterdam Federation in order to discredit it.

IV

Such in general outlines is the story of the two international organizations of trade unions. Both the Amsterdam Federation and the Moscow Council are continuing their work. The latter had its first world congress in July, 1921, at which, according to the claim made by its international secretary, Lozovsky, there were represented seventeen million workmen. But a large part of this number is made up of Syndicalist elements, which represent another tendency in the labor movement, entirely different from and opposed to both the independent and the Communist trade union theory. In order to complete the picture of the international labor movement, we shall say a few words about Syndicalism.

The theory which underlies the Amsterdam Federation conceives of trade unions as operating in conditions of politically organized States. They may and actually do work in coöperation with political parties, governments, and, internationally, with the League of Nations through its International Labor Organization. The Communist theory also conceives of trade unions as operating in conditions of politically organized states, though of a different kind and on different terms: subjection rather than coöperation. The Syndicalist theory, on the other hand, rejects entirely the idea of political organization. It wants workmen organized into industrial unions to control and manage not only

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productive enterprises, but also all functions of government. The American Industrial Workers of the World, now affiliated with Moscow, are a fair illustration of the Syndicalist movement.

Barring the Russian trade unions, most of the organizations represented in the "Red" Trade Union International are Syndicalist or semi-Syndicalist in character. Even the Russian unions themselves have a very strong Syndicalist element. And there is a constant struggle between the Communist and the Syndicalist elements in the ranks of the "Red" unions, both in the Russion national centre and in the International Council. In this regard, the "Yellow" unions have a distinct advantage. All of the unions affiliated with the Amsterdam International are agreed on the fundamental trade union theory, and even the American Federation, which differs from the International on the matter of tactics, is wholly in agreement with it as far as the basic theory is concerned.

There is no doubt that the "Red" Trade Union International has far fewer elements of stability and far less chance of permanence than its "Yellow" rival. Torn by internal differences and dissensions and directed by the same arrogant and despotic individuals who direct the Communist International, it is undoubtedly doomed to dissolution together with its sponsor, the Russian Communist régime. The Amsterdam Federation, on the other hand, has every chance of permanency. And much in the history of the world, particularly of Europe, will depend on whether or not the Federation will continue its present rapid trend towards political radicalism. If it succeeds in solidifying the national trade union centres and in building up an effective international machine, the Amsterdam Federation will have in its hands a greater power for international action than any other organization in the world. To what purposes will it use that power?

LEO PASVOLSKY.

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DEFINING THE INDEFINABLE

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I AM well aware that literature, or even such an inconsiderable part of literature as this gay book on my desk or the poem on the printed page, as a whole is indefinable. Every critic of literature from Aristotle down has let some of it slip between his fingers. If he describes the cunning form of a play or a story, then the passion in it, or the mood behind it, eludes him. If he defines the personality of the writer, the art which makes all the difference between feeling and expression escapes definition. No ten philosophers yet agree as to whether beauty is an absolute quality, or simply an attribute of form, whether a poem is beautiful because it suggests and approaches an archetype, or whether it is beautiful because it perfectly expresses its subject.

And yet when the ambition to explain and describe and define everything is humbly set aside, there remains a good honest job for the maker of definitions, and it is a job that can be done. I may not be able to tell what art is, but I can tell what it is not. I may fail to make a formula for literature, but I can try at least to tell what Thomas Hardy has chiefly accomplished, define Conrad's essential quality, point out the nature of romantic naturalism, and distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. And if such things were ever worth doing they are worth doing now.

Only a prophet dares say that we are at the beginning of a great creative period in the United States, but any open-eyed observer can see that an era of American literary criticism is well under way. The war, which confused and afterward dulled our thinking, stirred innumerable critical impulses, which are coming to the surface, some like bubbles and others like boils, but some new creations of the American intellect. The new generation has shown itself acrimoniously critical. It slaps tradition and names its novels and poetry as Adam named the animals in the garden,

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out of its own imagination. The war shook it loose from convention, and, like a boy sent away to college, its first impulse is to disown the Main Street that bore it. Youth of the 1890's admired its elders and imitated them unsuccessfully. Youth of the 1920's imitates France and Russia of the 1870's, and contemporary England. It may eventually do more than the 1890's did with America; in the meantime, while it flounders in the attempt to create, it is at least highly critical. Furthermore, the social unrest, beginning before the war and likely to outlast our time, has made us all more critical of literature. Mark Twain's *Yankee at King Arthur's Court* turned the milk of Tennyson's aristocratic *Idylls* sour. The deep drawn undercurrent of social thinking urges us toward a new consideration of all earlier writing, to see what may be its social significance. The "churl", the "hind", the "peasant", the "first servant" and "second countryman", who were the mere transitions of earlier stories, now are central in literature. They come with a challenge, and when we read Galsworthy, Wells, Sinclair, Dreiser, Hardy's *The Dynasts*, Bennett, we are conscious of criticizing life as we read. The pale cast of thought has sicklied modern pages. The more serious works of art are also literary criticism.

Again, there is the mingling of the peoples, greatest of course in America. Our aliens used to be subservient to the national tradition. They went about becoming rich Americans and regarded the Anglo-American culture as a natural phenomenon, like the climate, to which after a while they would accustom themselves. Their children were born in it. But now it is different. The Jews particularly, who keep an Oriental insistence upon logic even longer than a racial appearance, have passed the acquisitive stage and begin to throw off numerous intellectuals, as much at home in English as their fellow Americans, but critical of the American emotions and the American way of thinking, as only a brain formed by different traditions can be. Soon the Mediterranean races domiciled here will pass into literary expressiveness. It is as impossible that we should not have criticism of the national tradition expressed in our literature as that an international congress should agree upon questions of ethics or religion.

And of course the new internationalism, which is far more vigor-

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ous than appears on the surface, favors such criticism. The war brought America and Europe two thousand miles closer, and the habit of interest in what Europeans are thinking, once acquired, is not likely to be lost. No American writer of promise can hope now to escape comparison with the literatures of Western Europe, and comparison means a new impulse to criticism.

Fundamental, creative criticism—like Sainte-Beuve's, Matthew Arnold's, Walter Pater's, like Dryden's, Brunetière's, de Gourmont's, or Croce's—will presumably come. The conditions, both of publication and of audience, are ripe for it now in the United States. But there is a good deal of spade work in the study of literature to be done first, and still more education of the reading American mind. One reason why Lowell was not a great critic was because his scholarship was defective; or, to put it more fairly, because the scholarship of his contemporaries, with whose knowledge he might have buttressed his own, was incomplete. And if a twentieth century Sainte-Beuve should begin to write for general American readers, it is doubtful whether they would accept his premises. Says the intellectual, why *should* he write for the general public? I answer that if he writes for coteries only, if he is disdainful of the intelligent multitude, he will never understand *them*, and so will not comprehend the national literature which it is his function to stimulate, interpret, and guide.

The spade work of criticism is research, investigation into the facts of literature and into its social background. The scholar is sometimes, but not often, a critic. He finds out what happened, and often why it happened. He analyzes, but he does not usually make a synthesis. He writes history, but he cannot prophesy, and criticism is prophecy implied or direct. Few outside the universities realize the magnitude of American research into literature, even into American literature, which has been relatively neglected. A thousand spades have been at work for a generation. We are getting the facts, or we are learning how to get them.

But before we may expect great criticism we must educate our public, and ourselves, in that clear vision of what is and what is not which from Aristotle down has been the preliminary to criticism. A humble but a useful way to begin is by definition.

I use definition in no pedantic sense. I mean, in general,

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logical definition, where the class or *genus* of the thing to be described—whether best-selling novel or sentimental tendency—is first made clear, and then its *differentia*, its differences from the type analyzed, cut and assorted. But this process in literature cannot be as formal as logic. Good literature cannot be bound by formulas. Yet when a poem charged with hot emotion, or a story that strays into new margins of experience, is caught and held until one can compare it with others, see the curve on which it is moving, guess its origin and its aim, forever after it becomes easier to understand, more capable of being thought about and appreciated. And when the current of taste of some new generation that overflows conventions and washes forward, or backward, into regions long unlaved, is viewed as a current, its direction plotted, its force estimated, its quality compared, why that is definition, and some good will come of it.

Some general definition of that intellectual emotion which we call good reading is especially needed in America. Most of us, if we are native born, have been educated by a set of literary conventions arranged in convenient categories. That is more or less true of all literary education, but it is particularly true in the United States, where the formal teaching of English literature *per se* began, where, as nowhere else in the world, there was a great and growing population eager to become literate and with no literary traditions behind it. The student from a bookless home learned to think of his literature as primarily something to be studied; the teacher who had to teach thousands like him was forced to reduce living literature to dead categories in order that a little of it at least should be taught. Thousands of Americans, therefore, of our generation emerged from their training with a set of literary definitions which they assumed to be true and supposed to be culture. Only true definitions of what literature really is can break up such fossilized defining.

On the other hand, that large proportion of our best reading population which is not native in its traditions offers a different but equally important problem. How can the son of a Russian Jew, whose father lived in a Russian town, who himself has been brought up in clamorous New York, understand Thoreau, let us

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say, or John Muir, or Burroughs, or Willa Cather, without some defining of the nature of the American environment and the relation between thought and the soil? How is an intelligent German-American, whose cultural tradition has been thoroughly Teutonic, to make himself at home in a literature whose general character, like its language, is English, without some defining of the Anglo-American tradition? Lincoln must be defined for him; Milton must be defined for him; most of all perhaps Franklin must be defined for him. I have chosen elementary examples, but my meaning should be sufficiently clear.

And the American critic—by which I mean you, discriminating reader, as well as the professional who puts pen to paper—is equally in need of the art of definition. The books we read and write are on different planes of absolute excellence or unworthiness. There is—to take the novel—the story well calculated to pass a pleasant hour but able to pass nothing else; there is the story with a good idea in it and worth reading for the idea only; there is the story worthless as art but usefully catching some current phase of experience; and there is the fine novel which will stand any test for insight, skill, and truth. Now it is folly to apply a single standard to all these types of story. It can be done, naturally, but it accomplishes nothing except to eliminate all but the shining best. That is a task for history. In the year in which we live—and it is sometimes necessary to remind the austerer critic that we always live in the present—there are a hundred books, of poetry, of essays, of biography, of fiction, which are by no means of the first rank and yet are highly important, if only as news of what the world, in our present, is thinking and feeling. They cannot be judged, all of them, on the top plane of perfect excellence; and if we judge them all on any other plane, good, better, best get inextricably mixed.

For example, consider a novel which at the moment of this writing is a best-seller. I mean Mr. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes*. This book is essentially the tragedy of a good and honest soul thrown by harsh circumstance into an environment which is bound to crush him. He has the wrong wife, he has the wrong business associates, the girl he loves is separated from him by moral barriers. If he breaks through these he injures irrepara-

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bly his own sense of what is due to his God and his fellow man. His instincts of charity, humor, and love rebound upon him. He is too Christian for England, and too guileless for life. This is a worthy theme, and yet if we judge this novel on the highest plane it fails miserably. For Mr. Hutchinson stacks the cards. He gives his hero his way and his salvation, after much suffering, by a series of lucky accidents. He destroys the problem he creates, by forging an answer.

But this novel should not be finally judged on the highest plane. It is not a tragedy, it is a romance. It belongs on the plane below, the plane of stories told to meet the secret desires of humanity, which have little to do with reality, and are quite oblivious to fact. On this plane *If Winter Comes* ranks highly, for it is poignantly told, there is life in its characters, and truth in the best of its scenes. Definition saves us from calling a good novel great; it spares us the unnecessary error of calling a good and readable story bad because it is not a triumph of consistent art.

To see that a given book is good for *this* but not good for *that*, may be praised for its plot, but certainly has not character enough to get long life, is hard. But when the difficulty of adjusting standards is increased by the irresponsible hullabaloo of commercial appreciation, no wonder that sensible people estimate foolishly, and critics of standing are induced to write for publication remarks that some day will (or should) make them sick. For the publishers' "blurb" confuses all standards. Every book is superlative in everything. And the hack reviewer, when he likes a book, likes everything and applies Shakespearean adjectives and Tolstoyan attributes to creatures of dust and tinsel, or blunders helplessly into dispraise of scholarship, restraint, subtlety, taste, originality—anything that he does not understand.

There is no help except to set books upon their planes and assort them into their categories—which is merely to define them before beginning to criticize. This is elementary work, as I have said, which may lead the critic only so far as the threshold, and cannot always give the reader that complete and sympathetic comprehension of what he has read which is the final object of literary criticism. However, in an age when overemphasis has been commercialized, and where the powerful forces of print can be mo-

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bilized and sent charging everywhere to bowl down contrary opinions, it is indispensable.

Scholarly books have been dispraised because they were not exciting; fine novels have been sneered at because they were hard to read; cheap stories have been proclaimed great because they wore a pretence of seriousness; sentimentality has been welcomed because it was warm hearted; indecency has been condemned for immorality; immorality has slipped through as romance; daring has been mistaken for novelty; painstaking dulness, for careful art; self-revelation, for world knowledge; pretty writing, for literature; violence, for strength; and warped and unhealthy egoism for the wise sincerity which is the soul of literature. In all such instances definition is the prophylactic, and often the cure.

Writers, most of all, need to define their tasks. I do not mean their technical problems merely, although I cannot conceive that a dramatist or playwright, who has his subject well in mind, can possibly be hurt by thinking out his methods with the most scrupulous care. Lubbock's recent book on *The Craft of Fiction* has emphasized an art of approach and point of view in the great novelists which was thoroughly conscious, even though they may never have tried to formulate it in words. I mean particularly the defining of their themes, their objectives. Many modern novels of the better class, and a great many modern poems, seem to me awash and wallowing like derelicts on the high seas. They are successful enough in this, excellent in that, but they get nowhere, because the writers had felt the emotion that made them, or suffered the experience, but never defined it in terms of all emotion, all experience, never considered its end. The three dots . . . of modern literature are significant. We break off our efforts, partly no doubt because we seek effects of impressionism, more often because imagination went no further. Near things are sharp and expressed with remarkable vividness, ultimate objectives are blurred; which is to say, they lack definition.

May the shades of Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Emerson, and all great individualists protect us from bad definitions, and especially from rigid or formal ones! Bad definitions destroy themselves, for if they are thoroughly bad no one believes them,

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and if they contain those pleasing half truths which a generation loves to suckle upon, why then after their vogue they will wither into nothingness. Such definitions are of the letter, and die by it, but stiff, clumsy definitions kill the spirit. To define a great man by a formula is to sink to the lowest practice of the worst class rooms. To define a tendency so sharply that it cannot flow without breaking the definition, is a lecturer's trick for which audiences should stone him. Solemn generalizations which squat upon a book like an ostrich on a goose egg and hatch out vast moral philosophies, are to be dreaded like the devil; as are, equally, the critics with pet theories, who, having defined them, make everything from a squib to an epic fit their definition.

Definitions which classify without margins are a special evil: the division into literature and journalism for example, with no allowance for interlocking; or the confident separation of all books into categories of good or bad. Wholesale definitions are also objectionable, where, having defined a poem as magazine verse, or a collection of articles as a magazine, or a book as a sex story, or a man as a journalist, or a tendency as erratic or erotic, you think you have said something. May the muse of clear thinking, and the little humorous gods who keep the sense of proportion balancing, protect us from these also!

It occurs to me, at the very end of this essay, that I have made but a lame attempt to define definition. This, however, is as it should be. For definition, in the sense in which I am using it, like literature, has much of the indefinable. It is a tool merely, or better still, because less rigid, a means by which the things we enjoy and that profit us may be placed in perspective, ranged, compared, sorted, and distinguished. It is what Arnold meant by seeing steadily and seeing whole. It is the scientist's microscope that defines relationship, and equally the painter's brush that by a touch reveals the hidden shapes of nature and the blend of colors. It is, like these instruments, a *means* and not an *end*. Let pedants, scholiasts, formalists, and dilettantes take to heart this final description of literary definition.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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UNFURL THE FLAGS OF APRIL!

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Frail larch shadows glimmer liquidly
Edged with the tremor of bewildered rain;
The pines are stenciled lank and vaporously
In oscillating mist; roots writhe and strain
To one more cool wet grasp of earth: O Spring,
In hollows where the stealthy tumult hums
A vehemence of rich remembering,
Unfurl the flags of April! Beat your drums!

In every corner of the woods and valleys
Trembles the little talk of violets;
Gust after gust leaps out, flaps loose, then rallies;
The reed tastes fire, the white dove tenderly frets;
I walk on the brink of beauty shivering:
Unfurl your flags and beat your drums, O Spring!

SOMEWHERE, I KNOW

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Somewhere, I know, the sky at this bright hour
Is brighter than the long flash of the seas
Flung in a mellow curve against the breeze;
Somewhere, I know, one frail and wistful flower
Breathes to my heart more of the magic power
And pain of loveliness than all the trees
That shower ripe light on a thousand Hesperides
Leaving the stars ecstatic with the shower.

Somewhere, I know, there is an island's link
Of splendor beat and braided to the moon
Like blossom to blossom in an eternal June;
Somewhere, I know, there shines for me the brink
Of ultimate beauty, and may I thither climb
On the pale ladder of one immortal rhyme!

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A GARDEN . . . THERE

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

Spring comes singing everywhere,
And all her radiant gifts bestows
Of primroses and violets fair,
And every bud that blows.

But there's a garden in old France
Where once Spring danced her minuet,
That now lies in a desert-trance,
As if it would forget

The beauty of a haunting flower,
Or blooming tree, or birds that sing,—
For war came in a fateful hour
And slew the unborn Spring.

And now, O stony garden, there
In France, where once such lilies blew,
Though Spring come singing everywhere,
She will not come to you. . . .

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MASEFIELD

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

On re-reading *Gallipoli* and the *Sonnets*

I thought on England in her tragic hour
  Of sacrifice supreme for human right;
  Beheld her bleeding, broken in the fight
With a massed tyranny's stupendous power;
And musing on far graves where lie her flower
  Of manhood, memory so dimmed my sight
  That I forgot the dawn that crowned her night—
The victory that was her valor's dower.

Then, even as I grieved, I saw once more
  How genius can atone and re-create:
How, by its own high gift, it can restore
  The Land that gives it birth to sovereign State,
Rekindling glories that it knew before,
  And deepening its life to life as great!

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PLAYS AND NOVELS OF ST. JOHN ERVINE

BY ALICE LOTHIAN

M. Abel Chevalley, in his able survey of contemporary English fiction, classes Mr. St. John Ervine among "*les Régionalistes.*" To Mr. Ervine's readers, who esteem his work not least for its versatility, it will be evident that this estimate is based on the first, only, of his novels, *Mrs. Martin's Man.* They will be tempted to quote Professor Quiller-Couch's unacademic advice, to distrust all classification in literature, and to attribute to the French critic the national tendency to think in terms of coteries and schools. But M. Chevalley is no scholastic, and his acute judgment has pierced to the bed-rock fact that Mr. Ervine's art is rooted and grounded in Ulster. To his Ulster ancestry and his Ulster up-bringing Mr. Ervine owes, as I believe, that fundamental sense of true values in life and art that alone can preserve an artist's liberty of imagination, in these days of literary opportunism.

The work of novelists so dissimilar as Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Hardy, Sir James Barrie and Arnold Bennett, reminds us that an intimate knowledge of one little place may provide the key that will unlock the treasures of the human heart. Mr. W. B. Yeats writes in *Celtic Twilight*:

> In the great cities we see so little of the world, we drift into our minority. In the little towns and villages there are no minorities; people are not numerous enough. You must see the world there perforce.

When Mr. Ervine has shown us the world in the little towns of Ulster, in Ballyards or Ballyreagh, we are content to drift with him into the minorities of London, when the great metropolis casts its net of glamourie over the young Ulstermen in his novels, *Changing Winds* and *The Foolish Lovers.* If Ulster laid the foundations of his art, London, his home since he first came to it as a lad of seventeen, has enabled it to manifest itself so variously. For Mr. Ervine, who is still, let us remember, basking on the

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sunny side of forty, is known to a wide public on both sides of the Atlantic by his four novels, six published plays, and a mass of vividly conceived and trenchantly written articles on a wide range of literary, political and general subjects; while in the realm of the theatre, as a dramatic critic of some ten years experience, and as Manager for a time of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, he has gained "a comprehensive knowledge of the theatre, in which," says Arnold Bennett, "he is probably unequaled by any other playwright" in England, and has in his plays "combined great skill, fine ideals and perfect sincerity with immense popular success."

The London that lured Mr. Ervine from Ulster twenty years ago was an after-war London. The Boer War, inconsiderable though it may seem to a generation that has heard the call to arms in every continent, bit deep into the conscience and brain of the British people. It pricked the bubble of assurance that had blown out of the solid achievements of the Victorian era, and left men face to face with the question whether those material gains for which their fathers had striven—in the world of industry or empire—were worthy or worth while. A spirit spread abroad that refused to take things for granted, and sought to see things as they are, and not as tradition and national pride have painted them. English fiction, responsive to the currents of the national thought, set itself to display "life at its most real", divested of all romantic trappings. The domestic life of the English middle class lay exposed in the novels of Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy; while George Bernard Shaw in his plays probed its ideals and dissected its moral sanctions. Intelligent persons reveled in a spiritual diet of disintegrating criticism. As young men in other ages have been professedly adventurous or licentious or devout, so the young men of this age were detached, critical, and, we must own, ineffably superior, as Mr. Ervine has shown them to us in *Changing Winds*. In the minds of young artists verisimilitude usurped the place of art, and reserved the trade-mark of Realism for the "rags" of life, while the "silk, satin, muslin" of the old saw were bundled into the intellectual rag-bag.

Mr. Ervine's earlier work was in tune with the tendency of

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the time in its choice of gray environments, its deliberate rejection of romantic incident and happy endings. But the vigorous Ulster temperament does not readily subscribe to a negative creed, and only in the collection of early sketches, entitled *Eight O'Clock and Other Studies*, does the will o' the wisp of "realism" leave the reader bogged in the morass of human effort that is futile, and human hope that attainment leaves still unsatisfied. These sketches, delicate impressions of "the long littleness of life", from which the writer does not seek to wrest a definite meaning, are vivid, fresh, conveying his apprehension of the tragi-comedy of insignificant lives with a still humor, a fine sense of the irony of things, and that directness of approach and diction that has marked Mr. Ervine's work from the first. Their mood is a challenge to the moral assumptions of the elder generation, the generation that inspired Samuel Smiles to write *Self Help* and evolved millionaires out of messenger-lads. "Why," they ask with the Psalmist, "should man rise early, toil late and eat the bread of trouble?" "For the sake of Progress," you say. "Progress?" retorts the old cabby or crossing-sweeper of these sketches; "Wot's progress? Wot's the good of things goin' on if folks gets left be'ind?" It is not their fault, decent fellows, that they get left behind. It is the fault of no one in particular. Mr. Ervine, ardent Fabian as he was in those days, may, in his rôle of social reformer, have laid the blame at the door of the capitalistic system. But here Mr. Ervine, as artist, is content to present the situation, and let us make of it what we will.

In 1914 Mr. Ervine published *Four Irish Plays*. In these plays there is little movement, no color, little light save the faint glow shed by "the sweetness of the women of Ulster", that warms the heart, as their tidy fire-sides and wholesome fare warm the weary bodies of their men-folk. But although they bring "to no man happiness", they do not, like so many "realistic" plays, leave us enervated and depressed by a dreary conviction that the game of life is not worth the candle of the spirit.

The Magnanimous Lover, which is the earliest of these plays, has the abstract flavor of a Morality Play. It embodies the conflict between pride and fear—between the stiff Ulster pride of Maggie Cather and her one-time lover's fear, a fear born of

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the grim Ulster religion that promises a red-hot hell for the wages of sin. In *The Orangeman* and *Mixed Marriage* the onus of thwarted youth and unenlightened age rests on the peculiar Ulster brand of politics. The age-old quarrel between youth and age is accentuated and embittered by the maintenance of parental authority in Ulster in an age that has generally agreed that "the happiest families are those in which the parents are most obedient". Here the sons, wearied of ancient bigotries, are ranged against the fathers, whose Protestant and Orange principles are bitten into the bone.

When *Mixed Marriage* was first produced, with notable success, at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin in 1911, the question of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants was a live issue in Irish politics. But the revival of this play at various times in the English repertory theatres, and again in London last January, proves that it has a wider than topical interest, in its moving presentment of the clash of wills and personalities in a house divided against itself. On the one side stands John Rainey the father, mentally and spiritually barricaded behind his principles. As his wife says to him, "Yer conscience and yer principles causes a great dale of trouble to other people!" Over against him stand his sons Hugh and Tom, sensitive and restive in their growing consciousness of manhood, held to their home only by their mother's conciliating love. But although Mrs. Rainey believes that "a wumman has no right t' be choosin' sides", her genial comments on the strange ways of those "quare oul' humbugs", men, weight the balance of sympathy against John Rainey as surely as Hugh's accusation that his good training of his sons was only bullying. Idealism is in the scales against him, too, the idealism of Michael, the Labor enthusiast, who believes that the millenium will dawn in Ireland if his fellow-workers can be persuaded that "onderneath the Cathlik an' the Prodesan there's the plain workin'-man—". Then again—heaviest indictment of all—John's bigotry is in some way responsible for the accidental shooting of Nora, the Catholic girl whom Hugh wished to marry. Yet there is no real foundation for the criticism leveled against the play by the Belfast press, resentful of the caricature, as they deemed it, of the "Ulster stalwart". For

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John Rainey is no villain, but a very human figure, kin to us all in his inability to follow the light of reason when the floods of traditional prejudice swept over his soul. He is rather simple and as his wife perceived very childlike, for all that "he thinks he's the quare big strong man".

The sudden death of Nora in the last act, based though it be on an actual incident in the riotous history of Belfast, raises an interesting technical question as to whether "any accident, however sanguinary, can produce a moment of real drama". Mr. George Bernard Shaw says that it cannot, and here the dramatist seems to have felt that the sudden intrusion of casual matter-of-fact into this drama of discordant personalities was after all a side issue. For in the lovely quiet ending of the play he carries our thoughts past the catastrophe that destroyed Hugh's young dream of love, and focusses them on the deep inward tragedy that lies in the hearts of the old couple. This is the note that sounds as the curtain falls:

JOHN RAINEY. (as if dreaming) A wus right. A know a wus right.

MRS. RAINEY. (weeping a little, and patting him gently) Aw, my poor man, my poor man.

John Ferguson, an Ulster play published in 1915, ends on the same note of withdrawal from the violent palpable tragedy of youth to the quiet hidden tragedy of age. This is a play written in Stoic mood. We are conscious of complete isolation from all that makes life gay and comely. John Ferguson's house is comfortable within, for Mrs. Ferguson prides herself on maintaining the appearance of fortune. But it lies surrounded by lonely fields where bleak weather and a stubborn soil breed poverty and despair. The gray shadow of undeserved but inevitable misfortune broods over it from the first, and soon takes shape in the betrayal of Hannah Ferguson and the murder of the man who had wronged her. The murderer is not Jimmy Cæsar, who loved Hannah and talks, as a coward talks, of vengeance. Hannah's brother Andrew, egged on by the sly malevolent chatter of "Clutie" John, the half-wit, took swift action while Jimmy blustered and trembled. At the end of lives of toil and upright dealing, John and Sarah Ferguson are the helpless spectators of the ruin of those fine-spirited children whom they had

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brought up in the fear of God. The fate of the young people is ordered, not by their parents' integrity, but by the evil forces that brood in the confined life of a village—lust, cowardice and the furtive impulses of a half-wit.

And John Ferguson's faith deserts him at the moment of testing. He tries to restrain Andrew from confessing to the murder for which Jimmy Cæsar has been arrested on suspicion:

JOHN FERGUSON. (to Andrew) Come on, son, and get ready! You must quit the place this night. . . .

ANDREW. I can't go, da, and leave Jimmy in the wrong.

JOHN FERGUSON. Yes, yes, son! That'll be all right! We'll think about Jimmy afterwards. Come and get ready now, son!

ANDREW. I must do right by Jimmy for my peace' sake.

JOHN FERGUSON. No, son, you must save yourself first.

It is his children who pull John together, and restore him to his normal attitude of patient waiting upon the will of God. Then Andrew, with Hannah for company, goes off to give himself up at the barracks, and John and Sarah are left alone. John picks up the Bible, which always lies open at his side:

JOHN FERGUSON. Come here, Sarah! Sit down, woman, here by the side of me, and give me a hold of your hand. . . . Listen to God's word, Sarah, and that'll strengthen you. (*He reads of David receiving the news of the death of Absalom.*) . . . "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son. . . . my son.'" (*His voice ends in a sob. The Bible falls from his hands. There is a low moan from his wife.*)

John Ferguson's faith neither braces him to meet the facts of life, nor comforts him when action is unavailing, and for his wife it lacks potency even as a drug to deaden sorrow. The play is burdened with a sense of the futility of little lives that fret and suffer for a moment between the pangs of birth and the pains of death. The dramatist is ruthless in his rejection of the artistic compromise that seeks, as Mr. W. B. Yeats expresses it, "to create a little world out of the beautiful and pleasant and significant things of this marred and clumsy world."

In his political monograph entitled *Sir Edward Carson*, Mr. Ervine makes a comment that may be quoted here for the light that it throws on his own choice of themes. He says:

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Someone said to Lady Gregory on one occasion, "Why is it that you, who are an old woman, write comedies for the Abbey Theatre, while the young dramatists write tragical pieces or pieces with a tendency towards bitter criticism?" Lady Gregory said, "It is because I am an old woman!" And indeed it is natural for young writers to think in terms of tragedy, whereas the old, who know that life is full of the compensation of which Emerson wrote, can smile or laugh even when there is occasion for tears. But Lady Gregory's reply does not completely answer the question. Young men's minds are full of dreams of perfection. They love humanity in the abstract so heartily that when they contemplate humanity in the concrete, they lose their tempers. The bitter plays that are written for the Abbey Theatre are not composed by ill-natured men or men who hate Ireland; they are written by disappointed men who love Ireland so heartily that they cannot bear to see her failures unmoved.

It may have been because the scene is shifted from Ireland to London in *Jane Clegg* and *Alice and a Family*, that Mr. Ervine felt free to unleash his keen sense of comedy, a gift less subtle but no less humane than the rich vein of humor that runs through Mrs. Rainey's patient wisdom in *Mixed Marriage*. *Jane Clegg* has been variously described as "a faithful photographic study of a sordid episode", or as "a piece of ruthless realism" or as "flat prose". Yet, although it does not minimize one iota of the dreary repetition of dull tasks that fills women's lives within the narrow walls of lower middle-class homes, it seemed more comedy than serious drama to those who saw it, as it was produced by the Theatre Guild in New York with Margaret Wycherley in the title rôle, and Dudley Digges playing the part of Henry Clegg.

Jane's husband, Henry Clegg, is a "rotter". He is faithless to his wife, he gambles, he defrauds his employers. But his struggles to put a respectable face on things, hindered rather than helped by his old mother's doting loyalty, are rich in comedy. We feel, too, that Henry puts in a very cogent plea for himself when he says to his wife, in that revealing last talk in which they discuss things as calmly as "strangers talking about something that didn't matter"—

I'm not a bad chap, really. I'm just weak. I'd be all right if I had a lot of money and a wife that wasn't better than I am. . . . Yes, I am mean. I know that; but it makes me meaner than I really am to be living with you.

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In 1914 Mr. Ervine published his first novel, *Mrs. Martin's Man*. Here we are back in Ulster, in the little town of Ballyreagh, where Mrs. Martin's windows overlook the sea, so that she can see the boats go by, and listen to the splash of the waves and the crying of the sea-birds. The story is slight, for the flood-tide in the affairs of Martha Martin and her sister Esther had surged sixteen years before, and we are concerned only with Martha's way of tidying up the flotsam and jetsam that it had left behind. But there is a spaciousness, an atmosphere of fresh air and of wide horizons without, that was denied us in the plays, while within doors Martha fortifies her family with homely Ulster comfort, and wholesome Ulster fare. "I declare to me God, you've got barm brack!" her son Jamesey exclaims. Martha had her reasons for the barm brack. Not until she had set a plate of it before him, and poured out his tea, did she break the news,—"Your da's comin' home, Jamesey!"

When Mrs. Martin's man thrusts his untidy person into her home after an unexplained absence of sixteen years, she accepts the situation with calm reasonableness. She is as determined as Jane Clegg to conserve a worthy home-life for her children, but, older and wiser than Jane, she is prepared to accept people for what they are. As she tells Jamesey, who is embittered by the discovery that his Aunt Esther had been his "da's" "fancy woman", "I've tholed too much, Jamesey, not to know that things can't be unraveled just like a ball of yarn that's run under the table and got twisted." She succeeds in winning Jamesey to tolerance, for he is a healthy lad, and, as she says, "you can't always be hatin', unless your mind's a rotten one." The emotional storm that swept over Aunt Esther, when she realized that she had wasted her life in desire for a man whose presence now filled her with loathing, is presented in a passage of rare power:

> Now, indeed, she was a lonely woman, deprived of the consolation of memory. . . . It seemed to her at that moment that she had walked suddenly into a place of desolation. . . . That in this dreadful region of lost illusions, the enlivening tang of the sea and the hearty buffet of the wind and the lovely smell of earth and ocean and lovely things on soil were changed to a horrible air of seclusion and death.

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But Esther, too, with Martha's help, builds up her life again, for it is the vigorous Ulster instinct to meet sorrow with action. As Sarah said of her daughter in *John Ferguson*, "There's no good of her sitting up there crying her eyes out. The world has to go on just the same, no matter what happens!"

And what of Martha Martin herself, after she had straightened out the family tangle? "She, too, had had longings, and she, too, had lost all that she desired, but what was the good of mourning?" Once more the writer closes on the muted string:

"Aye," she said to herself, "they'll want their tea when they come in!"

She spread the table-cloth on the table, and then went to the dresser to get the cups.

"Och, ochone!" she said a little wearily, as she laid them on the table.

But lest we take woman's rôle in life too solemnly, Mr. Ervine introduces us next to the "managing woman" at the age of fourteen in the alert small person of Alice in *Alice and a Family*. When she says, "I 'ave a purpose," the family—and sometimes, we suspect, the author—has no choice but to follow in her wake, relieving the feelings with the admiring comment, "A bit 'ot, ain't she!" Critics were disposed to dismiss this genial story as "an amusing whim, never for a moment touching the best Mr. Ervine can do". But these sparks of laughter, struck quite simply and naturally from the gray flints of life in mean streets, were significant of the intellectual freedom of a young writer, whom contemporary critics were determined to closet among the "gloomy highbrows". And technically, *Alice and a Family* marks a definite stage, for it set out to be a story concerned with blind-alley employment for boys, but was soon taken in hand by Alice, and compelled to serve the ends of her benevolent tyranny. The author's ideas of plot-formation are becoming more elastic. His story is controlled, not by the foreseen end, but by the natural development and reactions of the characters which his genius has created. Mr. Ervine's next novel, *Changing Winds*, marks a further loosening of the earlier concentration and economy of effort; while in his latest novel, *The Foolish Lovers*, the forces of life and character mould the tale to an end to which the author seems hardly reconciled.

Changing Winds is formless and fluid as the confusing times

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of which it treats. It is full of matter for the historian in its account of Henry Quinn's experiences in the early months of the war, and in Dublin during the Easter Rebellion of 1916. But it is no mere chronicle. It breathes the very spirit of these ominous days, probing to the ideas behind the events, and groping round questions to which, after three years of peace, we have hardly begun to guess the answers. It impresses one as the gesture of an eager mind, working too swiftly for the leisure that is needful for the free play of imagination. The characters are primarily instruments in the orchestra of clever talk, the fluent talk of London's intellectual coteries and of gregarious and garrulous Dublin. But when Henry Quinn is in Ulster, on his native soil, the writer's sense of character reasserts itself. Mr. Quinn, Henry's father, stands foursquare to the winds of heaven, bristling on the surface with the combative assertiveness of the strong men of Ulster, but shy, too, "shy as a wren about intimate things." He is as loyal to Ulster as John Rainey, but without a touch of the Orangeman's bigotry. He engaged a Sinn Fein tutor to teach Henry to love Ireland as he loved her, for, he said, "It 's grand to be Irish. I pity the poor devils that aren't!"

Mr. Quinn believed that youth "had a right to three things, love an' work an' fun, an' it ought to have them about equally". He feared that Henry was likely to get the proportions all wrong, for though Henry was no slacker, he had a shrinking will. It was his instinct to avoid decisions, to drift, with the result that he acts, in the last resort, on impulse; and his imaginative apprehensions and indecisiveness were a secret source of grief to his father. When war breaks out, Henry is slow to enlist, because his imagination revolves round such situations of horror and helpless suffering as are the commonplaces of war, and he shrinks from putting his courage to the test. His love affair with Mary Graham is casual in the extreme. "Did you mean to marry me?" Mary asks him, "or did you just . . . sort of . . . not thinking, I mean!" Henry is an interesting study of a temperament that was commoner before the war than it is to-day, when young men and women have learned to seize, almost too greedily, the passing hour.

John Macdermott, in *The Foolish Lovers*, approaches life very

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differently. Like Henry, he has had his early love affairs, impetuous, furtive and desperately in earnest. But once he has caught his first glimpse of Eleanor in a London restaurant, his Ulster tenacity comes into play, and gives her no rest until she consents to marry him. Presumably they are called "the foolish lovers" because they married without an assured income or "prospects." Possibly Mr. Ervine intended to confound the worldly-wise by showing how their seeming rashness was justified, thus demonstrating that the true folly consists in wasting one's youth in playing for safety. But if so, the characters that he created have once more taken the bit in their teeth, and have followed a rougher way to a finer end. John Macdermott goes up to London from the little Ulster town of Ballyards determined to win fame and success by his pen. He fails, and after a stiff battle, in which love prevails at last over pride, he consents to go back to Ballyards to help old Uncle William with the grocery store that has, in reality, been supporting him and his wife all the while:

> "I've been living a fool's life," he said to himself. "I had one great adventure; finding Eleanor, and I did not realize that that was the only romance I could hope for!"

To his friend Hinde he said: "I had no qualification for this work, . . . nothing but my conceit. . . . I'm a failure." And Hinde replied:

> We're all failures. . . . We make a little stir and then we die . . . we poor scribblers. And that's all. It's much better to marry and breed healthy babies than to live in an attic making songs about the stars. The stars don't care, but the babies may.

Now it is the novelist's single aim to present impartially such aspects of life as may have registered themselves on a mind sensitized by imagination. "Here," he says in effect, "is a fresh slice of life to add to your experience. Make of it what you will. If you choose to argue about it, that is not my affair." Nevertheless, when a successful young writer sets himself to rub the gilt off the literary gingerbread, ordinary folk can hardly avoid falling over the points that he has raised, with an outcry proportionate to their romantic regard for books and their makers. When

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The Foolish Lovers was first published, the younger critics, as was to be expected, greeted it with a tragic gesture. "See," they cried, "how failure and disappointment lie in wait for all who are not content to lead ordinary lives!" Others, perhaps older and wiser, scented a moral, quoting Uncle William's warning: "Listen, John, the thing that destroyed your father and your Uncle Matthew was their pride in themselves. They never stopped to consider other people. And nothing came of their work." My personal view hinges on the fact that this is Mr. Ervine's first after-war novel, written in part during convalescence from wounds. Now Mr. Ervine had come from Belfast to London as a lad of seventeen to work in an Insurance office, and had gradually won a reputation as a journalist and playwright that brought him into touch with notable people. Then came the war, that mighty leveler. First as a private in the Guards, and later as a subaltern in the Dublin Fusiliers, perhaps amid such discomforts and humiliations as Mr. Stephen Graham describes in *A Private in the Guards*, our author, as I imagine him, rediscovered the ordinary, undistinguished man; with the result that his first artistic reaction to the war took shape as this romance of home-coming, this story that dwells on the significance of the commonplace.

It is significant of the sincerity and sanity of Mr. Ervine's work that he did not prematurely press into the service of his art forces that still swayed his spirit. For experience becomes the material of art, not immediately, but by slow distillation through the alembic of the imagination. Masterpieces come slowly to birth. The superb little play, that Mr. Ervine has ironically named *Progress*, has only lately been finished, though the war sowed the seed from which it sprang. This one-act play is white-hot with a woman's passion to save. Starkly confronted with her own brother's indifference to her sacred memory of her dead son, and with the scientific pride in his diabolical invention that takes no account of the price to be paid in human suffering, she finds no way open to her but the way of destruction. The action moves as inevitably as a Greek tragedy to its awful end, an end that, with less skill or less sincerity, might have collapsed into melodrama. There is not one

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superfluous word, all is restrained, compact, as finely cut and brilliant as a diamond.

In this three-act play, *The Ship*, Mr. Ervine has developed into a powerful drama the theme of the Belfast ship-builder which will be familiar to readers of *Changing Winds*. For John Thurlow, ship building is the great adventure, and absorbs all his creative passion. His pride in it destroys his only son, who was his unwilling deputy on the disastrous maiden voyage of the ship that John had believed to be unsinkable. The son cared nothing for ships and loathed machinery, loving handicrafts, nature and the simple life, but with no desire to bring his own ideal of life and his father's into violent opposition. As in *Mixed Marriage* it is the father who forces the issue, with the result that youth is once more destroyed.

Henry Quinn in *Changing Winds* had to combat among his friends in Dublin just such a failure to appreciate the practical genius and vigor of the North of Ireland as John Thurlow resented in his son's attitude to his own achievements. It would seem that the Dubliner is apt to think the Northerner a mercenary materialist, to which the Belfast man retorts by taunting the Dubliner with garrulous inefficiency. For in Ireland, the two ideals of life, that by continual process of adjustment make progress possible, have the illusory appearance of conforming to the boundary line between North and South. But the North, too, has its dreamers and visionaries, like Uncle Matthew in *The Foolish Lovers*, for whom dreams are more real than deeds. As Mr. Quinn said, "we all have our natures," as diverse in Ulster as in the wider world. And of the very varied company of Ulster men and women of which Mr. Ervine has made us free, we may say, as Thackeray said of the characters created by the author of *Tom Jones*: "What an admirable gift of nature was it which enabled the author to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellencies, prefer this one or that!"

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HAMLET AND THE MYSTERY OF AMY ROBSART[1]

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

THE fact that *Hamlet* is preëminently a psychological play and Shakespeare's greatest drama has made it the object of an imposing amount of criticism. It is no exaggeration to say that a whole library exists upon *Hamlet* alone. Aside from the major problem of the play: Is Hamlet a philosopher? Is Hamlet mad? Is Hamlet Shakespeare himself? a whole swarm of minor problems tease the mind. How old was Hamlet? Was he fat or lean? In how far was Queen Gertrude guilty of the murder of the king? Was she an accomplice, or a passive tool? Was she deceived? What is the real character of Ophelia? Was Hamlet really in love with her, or did he use her as a foil? Is the play merely a story told in dramatic form? or has it an ulterior motive? Did Shakespeare wish to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale? Is *Hamlet* fiction or history? If so, in how far?

It may be as idle to attempt to answer these questions as to ask them, seeing that all discussion of them would seem to have been worn threadbare long since. Does not the eighth annual Shakespeare Lecture delivered before the British Academy some years ago by Sir Walter Raleigh cry "*Procul! procul!*" to all new investigators of Shakespeare? For "there is nothing new and important to be said of Shakespeare" he declares, and certainly exemplifies it in this address.

The early history of the drama may be briefly summarized. It is mentioned as a new play in 1602. In 1603 it was published for the first time in quarto form, (Q 1) perhaps by a pirate publisher from stenographic notes surreptitiously procured when the drama was first presented. In the next year (1604) another and different

[1] If a document has once been interpreted in a particular sense, and that interpretation has survived unchallenged sufficiently long for men to be educated in it, it is no small task to win acceptance for any other view.—A. W. Pollard, *A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in quarto, 1594–1709*, p. xii. New Haven, 1916.

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quarto edition appeared (Q 2). In 1623 the definitive folio edition (F—the *textus receptus*) was published. It is evident, from a comparison of the two quarto editions, that Shakespeare, departing from his customary habit, carefully rewrote *Hamlet*.[2]

In the first quarto Polonius is called Corambis. Why so? And why the change of his name later? It is of interest to learn that Corambis is a name fabricated from the Latin *crambe*, meaning a cabbage, hence a cabbage-head, a dullard, and that the character was certainly intended as a composite mocking portraiture of Sir William Cecil, the great Lord Burghley (died 1598), Elizabeth's famous Minister of State, and his son and successor, Sir Robert Cecil. Shakespeare later altered the name to Polonius. The new form seems to have been suggested to him by the appearance of a book now forgotten, but then well known, written by a Polish scholar of the sixteenth century, one Laurentius Grimalius Goslicius, entitled *De optimo senatore*, published at Venice in 1568, and translated into English in 1598.

It is an inescapable conclusion that in the revised version of *Hamlet* Shakespeare introduced a large element of the personal equation. He manifestly carefully rewrote the play and in so doing departed from his traditional practice not only in his modification of the source, but also in his treatment of episode and incident.

Beyond doubt Shakespeare is in *Hamlet* more than in any other of his dramas. But it is trivial, it seems to me, to discover the evidence of Shakespeare in *Hamlet* in the "players' scene," where commentators point out an allusion to Shakespeare's own Globe theatre and the competition which his company experienced from the popularity of a rival company; or again, to cite Hamlet's technical instructions to the strolling actors as evidence of Shakespeare's personality in the play. His personality is deeper than these things; of the very texture of the drama and fluid throughout it.

In the interpretation of any of Shakespeare's plays it is well not to forget that however much Shakespeare's imagination may have transcended his time, his knowledge did not exceed or even equal that of his age. Moreover, a drama is a story related in dia-

[2] See Herford and Widgery, *First Quarto edition of Hamlet*, London, 1880; Charlton M. Lewis, *The Genesis of Hamlet*, New York, 1907.

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logue form and its primary purpose is to entertain. Instruction is a secondary consideration. Finally, and especially in a play purporting to be based on actual history, it was natural, even inevitable, that Shakespeare should have woven in contemporary allusions or incidents which, however much metamorphosed in the drama, nevertheless were recognized as familiar by the audience. The interest of a modern play is sustained by precisely this quality. It is certain that the whole body of Elizabethan drama abounds in incidents and allusions which escape us to-day because we do not know enough of the persons and events of the time. Things which were "palpable hits" with an Elizabeth crowd and excited applause or hisses, utterly elude our perception when we read the plays. Thousands have read *Hamlet*, yet it was exactly three hundred years after the first appearance of the play before Professor Gollancz demonstrated that Polonius was intended as a burlesque portrait of the two Cecils. Is it possible to think that the audiences which first saw the play failed to perceive the point?

A striking instance in *Hamlet* of how Shakespeare utilized contemporary incident (and one which I have never seen indicated) is the eavesdropping of Polonius behind the arras. During the trial of the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's quondam favorite, for conspiracy in 1601, Essex charged Sir Robert Cecil with having said to a member of the Queen's Council that the title of the Spanish Infanta to the crown of England was as good as that of any other claimant when Elizabeth died. "Scarce had he spoken the words," writes Camden, "when Cecil, who stood hidden in a close room just by and heard all, bolted forth into the court, and falling on his knees, besought the lord steward that he might have leave to answer so false and foul an accusation."[3] It is not recorded, but it might easily have occurred, that when Cecil made this abrupt appearance, as it were from "behind the arras", Essex's sarcastic comment was: "I thought I smelled a rat." Certainly this

[3] Camden, Annals, IV, Feb. 19, 1601.

Camden's version slightly differs from that given by Cobbett's *State Trials*. Mr. H. L. Stephen has printed still another variant in his edition of *State Trials*. Mr. Algernon Cecil, in the life of his distinguished ancestor, *Robert Cecil, first earl of Salisbury*, p. 143, actually says that "Cecil stepped out from *behind the arras*," yet, amazing as it seems to me, never seems to have perceived the parallelism between this actual incident and Polonius. Perhaps he did not wish to.

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dramatic incident in the trial of Essex, and Cecil's conduct, must have been the talk of London when it happened, and the closeness of the parallel between Polonius and the Minister of State quickly perceived by the audience.

But this parallel between Polonius and Burghley and his son is not the only striking analogy in *Hamlet*. Conrad in Germany and Mrs. Rhys in England find a close connection between the tragedy of Hamlet and that of young Robert, Earl of Essex, a friend of Shakespeare. Dudley, later the great Earl of Leicester, the Queen's lover, according to this argument no doubt poisoned the young Earl's father and lived in liaison with Lettice Knollys, his mother, whom he later married when Elizabeth's hand proved beyond his grasp. Other critics there are who discover a parallelism between the position of James I, when yet only King of Scotland, whose mother Mary Stuart was suspected of complicity in the murder of Darnley, James's father, and who soon afterwards married Bothwell, most certainly one of Darnley's murderers. The late William Preston Johnson advanced this theory over twenty years ago; it has gained acceptance in England and Germany, and so recently as last spring a new work entitled *Hamlet and the Scottish Succession* was published. It must be admitted that each of these theories has elements of plausibility, the latter particularly so because of the fact that a prince is concerned, and the question of the Scottish succession and the union of England and Scotland was a live one when Shakespeare wrote.

Essex and James I may have vaguely influenced Shakespeare's treatment of Hamlet. But his intention in *Hamlet* pierced far below portrayal of their wrongs, even admitting that he had the young Earl and the young Prince at all in mind. Beyond a doubt, I think, Shakespeare in *Hamlet* meant to inveigh against some of the worst abuses of his time: court intrigue and administrative corruption, chicanery in diplomacy, espionage and eavesdropping in high official circles, grave miscarriage in the administration of justice, and above all the appalling prevalence of assassination in Tudor England.

In his recent book on *Tudor Ideals* Mr. Einstein writes:

> Lord Oxford tried to have Sidney murdered. John Stanhope with twenty men attempted to kill Sir Charles Cavendish. Leicester was charged with

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seeking to assassinate the French envoy Simier, who had informed the queen about his secret marriage to Lady Essex. . . . Perhaps one reason why the Elizabethan drama, save in the greater Shakespearian masterpieces, remains so dead to us is the lack of contact between modern life and private vengeance.

If the reader interested in this phenomenon finds Mr. Einstein too brief, let him read the pages of Mr. Schwarz's introduction to his edition of Chapman's *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, where he will find abundant evidence that the sixteenth century was fearfully familiar with the use of the poignard and poison.

Ambition, cupidity, lust, revenge were unbridled passions of the day in Elizabethan England among the great, who compassed the destruction of their enemies without remorse; who browbeat or bribed the courts and whose deeds supine or frightened judges, ministers of state, and even the Queen often condoned. Anyone who knows intimately the inner history of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I knows that murder in the seats of the mighty was of fearfully common occurrence. It is no exaggeration to say that the tale of the notorious murders which happened during these two reigns is "an abstract and brief chronicles of the time", and that some who heard these words of Hamlet must have perceived their stinging applicability.

Hamlet is Shakespeare's protest against the condition of Elizabethan England. It was not Denmark but England that was rotten. Not merely Hamlet, but Shakespeare felt that "the time is out of joint". It was literally true, if the secrets of the murders of Shakespeare's own time could have been revealed, that more things in heaven and earth would come to light than men's philosophy dreamed. Hamlet's vehement language, earnestness, sense of outraged right, protest against wrong, combination of wrath and melancholy, make him a character unlike any other in Shakespeare's plays. It is impossible to identify him, and yet he is vaguely identifiable. The charm and mystery of the drama is that Shakespeare seems everywhere in it and through it. He is tantalizingly tangible, and yet so elusive that the thought flees one as he tries to clutch it. The lyric quality in the soliloquy sounds like spiritual autobiography; the "stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" the protest of a sensitive man against the wrongs of the time. The importance of an

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upright man in a bad age to cope with the evils of the time is the tragedy of all great spirits, and often with such souls it must have been either stoicism or conscience or cowardice which kept them from suicide.

Lest I be suspected of unduly exaggerating the effect of these dark and suspicious tales upon the popular mind let me quote a paragraph from Mr. Algernon Cecil's life of Sir Robert Cecil:

> It is natural to ask at the outset . . . whether these ugly stories are really entitled to the notice which chroniclers accord them. To the philosophic historian, indeed, they appear to be of the slightest consequence; scarcely distinguishable in kind from the murder trials whose process and detail the newsboys of to-day press upon us at the street corners. The constitutional historian, again, regards them coldly, making but little account of one name more or less in a catalogue of conspiracies. But in the less rarified atmosphere in which the biographer and the annalist live and move and have their being, such matters are of vast importance. All the temper of the times is latent in their folds. To study those things by which men were greatly moved, to interrogate the sources of common hopes and fears, is to find the key to the practical statesmanship of the age. The tragedies of Shakespeare, revolving as they so constantly do, around the subject of treachery, are a lasting reminder of the part which treason and plot played in the life of the sixteenth century. They disclose imaginatively what the plots of Lopez and Squire and Essex and Catesby reveal actually—the extreme instability of government. The sovereign was bound to have a lively expectation of meeting death by the cup or the dagger. . . . The thrust and parry of the assassin's dagger or the courtier's tongue are as vital an element in the politics of that century as the thrust and parry of parliamentary debate in our own.

But I would not emphasize the general indictment in *Hamlet* of the manners and morals of the time too much. The whole play has a concreteness and an applicability of a *particular* nature, in spite of generalities, although these qualities are not easily discoverable. *Hamlet* was "caviare to the general" for the reason that Shakespeare dared not cut too close to the quick—or rather dared not make his portraiture too obvious. He was as objective as he dared to be, and sufficiently obvious to those whom he wished to reach to satisfy him.

If one reads, as it were, between the lines of *Hamlet*, and fathoms the depth of all the guarded allusions and irony in the play, measuring these depths by the conduct of certain men and women of the time and certain well known events, the conclusion

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seems to me unavoidable that Shakespeare was specifically aiming at the notorious relations of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, and that the *cause célèbre* around which the play of *Hamlet* revolves is not the murder of Essex nor the murder of Darnley, nor the case of young Essex nor James of Scotland, but the more mysterious case of the death of Amy Robsart, Leicester's first wife. It is true that the event had happened as far back as 1560 and that Leicester had died in 1588. But the memory of the great Earl's dark passion for Elizabeth and her infatuation for him, and the mystery of Amy's death, lived on. As late as 1599 the accusation was still made. Indeed the subsequent notorious love affairs of the "seeming virtuous Queen" enlarged these scandals. As long as Elizabeth lived it was, of course, impossible publicly to criticize her, were it never so guardedly done. It is significant that the appearance of *Hamlet* upon the stage coincides with the death of Elizabeth. Burghley had died in 1598.

It seems strange, so far as I know Shakespearean literature, that no critic has perceived the remarkable applicability of the tragedy of Amy Robsart to *Hamlet*. The language of the play most startlingly fits in with the case of Amy Robsart, the suspicion resting upon Leicester of having compassed her murder, and the suspected liaison between Leicester and Elizabeth.

The facts, so far as they are ascertainable, in regard to Amy Robsart's death, may be soon told. But the penumbra of darkness which still surrounds these few facts is black and wide. Amy Robsart was the first wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose ambition to marry Elizabeth and protestations of love for her were only equalled by the Queen's indiscreet passion for him. This "courtship" began in the very first year of her reign. Within little more than a year after her accession, while Leicester was away from home in attendance upon the court at Windsor, his wife was found (September 8, 1560) dead with a broken neck by "a fall from a pair of stairs" according to her husband, at the foot of a circular stairway in Leicester's manor house, Cumnor Hall, near Oxford.

Was it accident? or suicide? or murder? We may eliminate the second hypothesis surely, for people do not commit suicide by throwing themselves downstairs; the experience is likely to be

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more painful than fatal. What has been the judgment of historians in the matter? It is undeniable that most of them believe Amy's death to have been due to accident. But their conclusions are usually framed in very guarded or qualifying language. For example, the late Frederick William Maitland, a very accomplished historian and a lawyer to boot, cautiously has written:

> Some people said at once that he (Leicester) had procured her death; and that story was soon being told in all the courts of Europe; but we have no proof that it was generally believed in England after a coroner's jury had given a verdict which, whatever may have been its terms, exculpated the husband. Dudley had throughout his life many bitter enemies, but none of them, so far as we know, ever mentioned any evidence of his guilt that a modern English judge would dream of leaving to a jury. . . . Quadra, Dudley, Cecil and Elizabeth were all of them experts in mendacity, and the exact truth we are not likely to know.

The array of qualifying phrases in this disclaimer is interesting.

The suspicion at once aroused, that Amy Robsart was murdered with the connivance of Leicester and the foreknowledge of Elizabeth, has never since been entirely dissipated in spite of the diligent investigation of historians. Certain it is that a clear cut verdict of "not guilty" cannot yet be brought in until we know more than we now do. It is no refutation to say that the reign of Elizabeth was filled with treason and plot, scurrility and scandal, and that Elizabeth has been made the innocent victim of slander. The circumstantial evidence is too damaging for that.

Whether guilty or not guilty of the death of his wife, Leicester's first feeling was not one of love and regret for Amy, but of anxiety about himself, as his letter of September 9 to Blount, one of his intimate agents and confidants, shows.

> Considering what the malicious world will bruit . . . and because I have no way to purge myself of the malicious talk that I know the wicked will use . . . I do pray you . . . that you will use all the devices and means you can possibly for learning the truth . . . charging him (the coroner) to the uttermost from me to have good regard to make choice of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest and most substantial men, for the juries, such as for their knowledge may be able to search thoroughly and duly, by all manner of examinations, the bottom of the matter.

These are fair words on the surface. But what did Lord Robert really mean to imply to his trusted agent when he instructed

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him to charge the coroner to have regard unto the kind of men to be empaneled? Did he want to make sure of a "packed" jury? On September 13 the faithful Blount writes assuring his master that "I have done your lordship's message unto the jury". By what right under the law could Leicester so instruct the jury? He was as yet neither witness nor defendant. It is strange that he was not summoned to appear. Why not? That the handling of the case either was very loose, or that Leicester used illicit inducements or pressure to convince the jury of his complete innocence, seems a just inference. For an undated letter written a few days later by him to Blount expresses satisfaction that he has "received a letter from one Smith that seemeth to be the foreman of the jury". This is damaging evidence and sustains the suspicion entertained by many writers that the jury was tampered with. It is certainly very significant that no record of the coroner's verdict has ever been found, *nor any other official records* pertaining to the case.

It must be assumed that some kind of coroner's inquest was made. Negligence in this particular was an indictable offense by English statute, and in this very year, 1560, the Berkshire coroner was prosecuted for such misconduct. It is evident from the correspondence between Leicester and Blount that a coroner's jury was called. If this jury returned any other verdict than accidental death, further court proceedings would have been necessary, whether the jury's finding was murder or suicide, and these proceedings would be a matter of record. If so, it is singular that not a scrap of court record pertaining to the case of Amy Robsart has come down to us. Failing the coroner's minutes, another source of examination has been the Controlment Rolls of the King's Bench and the Assize and Quarter Sessions Records. But these sources have been searched in vain. An informal inquiry by the Privy Council was made in 1567, but *not a word appears in its proceedings* with reference to the case. It is conceivable that when the Privy Council took cognizance of the case all the official records were removed from their regular place of deposit and not returned. But if so, its conduct was very exceptional. For the usual practice in appealed or reviewed causes was to procure a certified copy of the original records. The argu-

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ment from silence is always a dangerous one for the historian to invoke, but it looks as if there had been a studied endeavor to suppress all evidence.

New and acute interest in the real fate of Amy Robsart was created in the 'eighties by the appearance of Froude's *History of England*. While working in the Spanish archives at Simancas, Froude came upon a letter of De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador in England in 1560, written to Philip II. It is a report of an intimate conversation of the ambassador with Cecil himself. The translation of this letter as given by Froude is very damaging to the reputation of Elizabeth and her favorite, and the conclusion seems almost unavoidable that both had foreknowledge of what happened at Cumnor Hall on September 8 of that year.

In spite of Froude's notorious prejudices and his fatal gift of inaccuracy, an indictment like this could not pass unchallenged. In 1886 the late James Gairdner, one of the most accomplished of modern English historians and an authority on the age of the Tudors, reëxamined all the evidence he could find and published the results of his researches in an article in the July number of *The English Historical Review*. It was no great difficulty for Gairdner to show that Froude had both confused his dates and mistranslated the original language of De Quadra's despatch. But still the mystery would not down. There were raveled ends to it and stray bits of evidence which it was difficult to engage. Seven years later Andrew Lang, for whose mind historical mysteries ever had an attraction, attacked the problem anew in *Blackwood's Magazine* and alleged that Gairdner had put unnatural construction upon evidence which, if rightly construed, was very detrimental to Leicester and Elizabeth. It was in this article that Lang made the keen suggestion that if the truth were ever found it would be discovered in local court records. But these were searched in vain.

It so happened that at this juncture the editors of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* had invited Gairdner to write an article upon Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, for that vast repository of classified information. Gairdner, "from a conviction that no one was qualified to write even a brief article on such an ambiguous character without investigation of all the unpublished evidences

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at Cambridge and at Hatfield House (the seat of the Cecils) touching Amy Robsart's death," again painfully filtered all the old evidence and added certain new information. However, as the *Britannica*, in the interests of brevity, limited its contributions to facts, Gairdner published his argument and interpretation in *The Athenaeum*, February 18, March 4, 11, 18, 1893.

Gairdner flattered himself that he "had got at the bottom of the mystery", and believed that he had unraveled the "full story". But unfortunately for this comfortable conclusion, in 1911 Mr. E. K. Purnell cast new light on the tragedy in his *Report on the Pepys Manuscripts* preserved at Magdalen College, Cambridge. In these papers a new and important letter was discovered, written by Thomas Blount to Leicester in 1567 in regard to the charge that the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Suffolk attempted to bribe Amy's half-brother John Appleyard to implicate Leicester. This document seems to throw the balance more than ever in favor of Leicester—and of course, of Elizabeth, too. And this opinion acquires greater strength farther on in this same collection when we come upon a friendly letter of Cecil addressed to Leicester, the last paragraph of which, in Mr. Purnell's words, "goes far to prove that he believed Leicester to be innocent in the matter of Amy Robsart." But this placid conclusion is soon traversed. For within a year we find Cecil writing anxiously to Leicester: "If Wm. Huggyns (he was another of the Earl's confidential agents) be with your Lordship, I pray you let him come with your Lordship that he may be spoken withall upon the sudden concerning Appleyard, *for amongst them they will fall out in their own colors.*" Evidently there were so many parties to the "frame up" at Cumnor Hall that the authorized version of Amy Robsart's death was encountering rough water in the cross-currents of gossip which were rife in both countryside and court.

As long as Elizabeth lived even guarded criticism was dangerous. It required a change of dynasty to release even veiled speech. As for flat, open discussion of the mystery of Amy Robsart or any other murder case of note, it was still quite impossible. Hence Shakespeare's resort to a drama in which under camouflaged guise Londoners might perceive the real spirit and condition of the age. *Hamlet* is the most brilliant assortment of double-

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edged language, covert criticism, cutting allusion to contemporary men, women and events, burning scorn, withering irony, to be found in any literature. If read aright, the play dazes and astounds the reader by its keenness, its satire, the stinging lash of its language, its mockery or condemnation of some of the very greatest personages in Elizabethan England. So veiled and elusive are the expressions sometimes that, save to the initiated, the dialogue is cryptic.

Nothing in English literature so abounds with Sophoclean irony as *Hamlet.* The play bristles with words and phrases which, in addition to their natural meaning, have a deeper and omnious implication veiled from the ordinary auditor, and even from the actors themselves. It is beyond argument, I think, that Shakespeare in *Hamlet* deliberately intended to write for an audience quite different from that in front of the footlights. Truly the play must have been "caviare to the general", and this cryptic quality still puzzles many.

In the light of what has been written, and apart from the general plot, which itself has large intimations, let us now turn to the pages of the play in order to see how many of the allusions in it seem to have a positive index, and probably do darkly refer to the case of Amy Robsart, to Leicester and Elizabeth.

> By a forgèd process of my death.

The phrase admirably defines what must have been a widely prevalent opinion with regard to the case of Amy Robsart.

> . . . most seeming-virtuous queen. . . .
> Assume a virtue if you have it not.

One can imagine men in the audience who heard these words look at one another with a question in their eyes, or a faintly significant smile upon their lips, or shrug their shoulders with shrewd amusement.

> Leave her to heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge.

Verily these were thorny words indeed to say; thornier than ever if Elizabeth was the actual object of the speech.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

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Thi famous saying has become so debased by quotation that it sounds commonplace. Consider how fresh and new it must have seemed to those who first heard it, ringing like a hammer stroke upon an anvil amid a resounding storm of apposite and clever dialogue.

Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

Who were there among those wise in worldliness and the intricacies and chicanery of the politics and diplomacy of that day who did not find a fang in this remark? None but men steeped in the great secrets of the reign of Elizabeth could have fully perceived the significance of Hamlet's words, or the marvellously subtle method Shakespeare employed to convey his message, and with them silence was discretion.

Caviare to the general.

Shakespeare certainly knew and intended the play to be over the heads of the crowd, and too enigmatic to ordinary readers of the text. He was content to have them think it merely a drama. For the initiated, *Hamlet* had quite another import. Yet even the dullards were given a broad hint in the seemingly casual mention that a play might be "an abstract and brief chronicle" of the time, an idea repeated in Hamlet's exclamation:

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

"King" or "Queen" mattered little to Shakespeare. The principle and the point were identical in either case.

Hamlet explains to the court assembled to hear the play:

You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife;

and a few lines farther on, turning to Horatio he says:

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself: and now reigns here
A very, very — pajock;

to which his friend rejoins:

You might have rhymed.

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All the commentators have passed over this portion of the dialogue without comment, save to explain that *pajock* means peacock. They have no explanation of the singular use of the word, nor do they perceive anything remarkable in Horatio's reply. Yet this is one of the most significant parts of the play. What word most naturally occurs to the mind which will rhyme with *was?* Though obsolete to-day, in Elizabethan times the word *coz* was common in court circles. It was the abridged and more familiar form of the word *cousin.* The sovereign according to etiquette, addressed every peer in England as "cousin," and in cases of intimate friendship as "coz." The custom arose with the accession of Henry VII. For during the War of the Roses the old feudal nobility was fearfully reduced, so that when he became king, the first Tudor actually was cousin to almost every peer of the realm.

Elizabeth often called her favorite "coz," and certainly that arrogant and gaudy bird, the peacock, admirably typified Leicester. Between the word expressed and the word implied by the rhyme, there is little room for Leicester to escape between the posts. It is impossible not to believe that Shakespeare's audience and readers of the drama saw the point—and it was a telling one—although the significance has been unperceived.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The words are not merely a strong metaphor. They were intended to stab at actualities. And hard upon the threat follow the Queen's words:

O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

In the players' scene the stage instructions tell us: "The poisoner woos the queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts." Leicester's wooing of Queen Elizabeth was notorious, and the richness of his gifts to her nearly bankrupted him.

None wed the second but who killed the first.

If there is a "palpable hit" anywhere in *Hamlet* it is this line.

The lady doth protest too much.

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Elizabeth's official and personal disclaimers of innocence of the charges which scandal attributed to her tended to prove the proverb that where there's smoke there's fire. In 1565 Morgan Roberts, a protégé of Leicester, who had his license to go to Spain, "unhonestly used his tongue" while there and reported the "Queen's court more like a stews than a place of degree and virtue." This is the admission of a candid friend of the Queen and her favorite, not an enemy.

> Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung.

The initiated who read this line must have laughed derisively in the privacy of their libraries. In spite of the subtle garb with which every incident and every character in *Hamlet* is draped, the boldness of this sentence astonishes.

In Act III, Scenes 3 and 4, are two allusions which seem to aim straight at the mystery of the death of Amy Robsart, and sustain the widely believed charge that bribery and intimidation were used with the jury in the case. The first quotation is:

> In the corrupted currents of this world
> Offence's gilded hand *may shove by justice,*
> And oft . . .

The other quotation occurs in Hamlet's impassioned speech to his mother in which he pleads with her to forsake her paramour, yet knows she will not. The whole speech should be read, but this is the salient extract of a terrible fusion of gall and bitterness:

> Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
> To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
> *And break your own neck down.*

To what forgotten fable this alludes no one knows, but remember that Amy Robsart was found dead at the foot of the staircase with her neck broken. When the King and Laertes are planning to compass Hamlet's death in Act IV, Scene 7, the former says:

> *And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;*
> But even his mother *shall uncharge the practice,*
> *And call it accident.*

This precisely describes what probably *was* done in the process of Amy Robsart. With a mere change of name the sentiment would fit Leicester or Elizabeth like a glove.

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We reach the scene in the churchyard. Applicability is especially apposite in the words of the priest who explains that the law of the mediæval church prohibited interment of a suicide in consecrated ground. This law the King had overruled by might of his prerogative. One sentence in the priest's reply has great significance:

> Her death was doubtful;
> And, *but that great command o'ersways the order*,
> She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd.

Is it vain imagining to see in this comment covert allusion to the exercise of undue influence in the coroner's inquest upon the death of Amy Robsart, although it is impossible to believe that the verdict of the jury was one of suicide? Finally, in the last scene of the play, when Hamlet lies dying, cryptic allusion abounds.

> Wretched queen, adieu,
> You that look pale and tremble. . . .
> Had I but time . . .
> O, I could tell you,
> But let it be. . . .
> The rest is silence.

Why "silence"? Because Hamlet was so near to death? or because the whole truth could not yet be told? And truth about what? Things at the court of Denmark? Or things in the English court? And what thing there most? The mystery of Amy Robsart and Leicester's and Elizabeth's implication in her murder? We still wait for the whole answer to the question: How did Amy Robsart come to her death? Was she murdered or was it accident? But the enigma of *Hamlet* may partially unravel the riddle about Amy Robsart. Truly there are more things in *Hamlet* (and the same may be said of many of Shakespeare's other plays) than the critics have yet dreamed.

The universally accepted theory that Shakespeare only wrote history in his historical plays will not hold. His dramas bristle with current allusions which we to-day fail to perceive because we do not sufficiently know the intimate history of his time.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

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OUR CLAMORING ANCESTORS

BY AGNES LOUISE DEAN

Most of my ancestors I like pretty well. It behooves me to mention them with respect, anyway (except those immediate to me), for the more remote they are, the more likely they are to be your ancestors, too. *Our* ancestors, then, pacing the deck of the Mayflower together, or the deck of the Ark, or the Neolithic twilight, in the person of a common progenitor!

As I say, I like my ancestors; but I do not understand them especially, and I often find them both unreasonable and disconcerting. They limit me and unsettle me for my environment.

I have speculated, to the point of brooding, on that cautious and stealthy ancestor of mine (I trust he is none of yours) who best attained whatever were his predatory and anti-social ends, in complete silence. His successes so went to his head, apparently, that he considered all sound noise, and all noise suppressible. He cut himself off from the self-expression of the tom-tom and the battle-cry; he taught his ears to shudder when crooned lullabies or rhythmic chastisement were forward in the cave nursery. He would never participate in, or serve as audience for, the neighborhood musicale, no matter how pretty the local talent, or how desperately the orchestra needed an extra sackbut.

He took his stand, and he wrote his will. And here am I, after many generations, with no cause to be furtive and absolutely nothing to conceal, having no sense of time, having no sense of tune, and admitting to an unreasoning misery in the presence of all Musicks. Other members of my family are made glad instead of mad by symphony and sonata. I can see that I am the sort of person who, without this ancestral hamper, would organize chamber music societies, and delight to play the violin. It is my family who are furtive: when they entertain musicians, it is I whom they seek to conceal.

Of all the ministers who leave their parish to the offices of a

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"supply" while they post o'er land and ocean to preach elsewhere themselves, I have heard only one allege this reason: that he liked to sleep in a sleeping car. It was a need of his nature. It is also a need of mine, one at which my closest observers jeer, reconciling it ill with my predilection for sleeping-porches and clean hands.

"One must make sacrifices; one must make sacrifices," I reply, vaguely. Already I am in a trance of anticipation before the porter has tucked my suitcase beyond reach, or tendered me the crackling hat-bag. What do I like about sleeping cars? Oh, everything! The soot, and the horrible pillows, and the slabby blankets; the suffocating heat pouring up through plush crannies to meet the spatter of cold, cindery air from a dirty window-screen. There is a luxury of discomfort in settling-in that makes you vividly alive to the real merits of sleeping cars. The pulsing of the train beneath you relaxes every tension; the noise makes a dull, blurry chrysalis about the berth; the raised window-curtains show the spread of the firmament above the world in shadow; the train's motion is timed to the wheeling of the intimate stars. You drop to sleep conscious as nowhere else of turning with the axle of the world.

This conviction of security must be as ancestral as it is groundless. Statistics and common sense are against those who put their trust in Lower 9's. Common sense and statistics are against those who imagine their ancestors as patrons of prehistoric sleeping cars.

Well, I am willing to waive the technicality; provided that I am allowed to believe that the sleeping car ecstasy, so contrary to reason and one's habits, is an obscure heritage of the ages. I cannot pretend to know whether an ancestor of mine chose to lie on some high, starlit cliff beneath which the endless surf pounded, or whether his tribe worked out in nuances of jolts and suffocations a method of trial by ordeal. I only contend that they must have been busy at something of the sort, for me to count the communal whisk-broom an accolade, and the traces of black polish on my brown shoestrings the signet of an ever-precious experience.

There can have been no Californians among my ancestors. I

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do not arrive on the Pacific Coast to celebrate a winter of inane content, as do the descendants of that bright lexicographer who gave to the world the word "climate". I do not mean to be stuffy about this, yet I am a little glad to come of stock which held itself justified in grumbling at its weather. It is hard, when all one's instincts in meteorology are critical, to deny the existence of drought during eight months, and of a curtain of rain for six monotonous weeks. It is still harder, after mastering this alien technique of denial, to become suddenly all emotion in the sunshine; to burst forth into abrupt trumpetings, as of Gideon's men, crying, "The Climate of the Lord, and of California!"

And yet a submerged ancestor of mine collaborated with California to give me one of my most saturated experiences of joy. Who could have predicted the rush with which my spirit was to meet the laughing color and just spacings of the courts and buildings of the Panama-Pacific?

Towns are not built like that in the pioneer country which my immediate ancestors helped to conquer. There the whispering forests of yesterday have been converted into the paved thoroughfares and clangorous transfer-points of to-day. Their poetry is the poetry of achievement; and their picturesqueness is the picturesqueness of speed. But "far away and long ago" in that strange, uncharted communism of ancestry, I must have had a claim on some reveler in color. His tremendous legacy came down, strictly entailed, to Jules Guerin, who, with acres for his canvas and the California sun for a medium, flung rhythmic orange flags against the blueness of sky, and caught the river of the wind in plantations of eucalyptus. Framed by a mellow arch, mirrored in the still and faithful lagoon, façade and vista repeated messages of color and light. Orange and gold and green, buff and mauve and turquoise, cloud shadows and the white swooping of gulls' wings . . . in the midst of which wandered a brown-clad tourist from the antipodes, arrogant and exultant, claiming all this unimagined glow and modulation and contrast as her own. Her birthright; terrifically hers.

And there's an ancestor for you! I like him better than the pussyfooter who cut me off cruelly from musical appreciations.

But am I to like that ancestor who is forever chasing me up

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hills? Temperamentally I am fitted for enjoying hills only from the highroad. I belong really among those who with the Psalmist find it enough merely to lift up their eyes to the hills. Nature never constructed me for a mountaineer. I am short in all the specifications of a climber. I look and act and feel like a Ford car—but I get there. Not because I want to scramble, or grow purple. I hate being tired and out of breath. I hate being obviously a drag on the company. I dread most of all the ghastly moment of lightheadedness when the hill turns impalpable beneath me and I am left clinging to eternity by a handful of checkerberry leaves and a root of laurel.

Yet even at this discouraging point my hill ancestor deserts me not. "Just rest a bit; for," says he, "the afternoon light across the valley is getting better right along. You'll be awfully glad you came, when you get to the tip-top!"

And, indeed, my ancestor is trustworthy enough in this. But I should never listen to him at the hill's base. His urge is the urge that evolves aviators, I suppose; meanwhile, it is making a wreck of me.

As a descendant, I cherish another grudge against the past, this time directed at whoever disqualifies me for pleasure in the family—or dinner—argument. I picture him as an Egyptian of a late dynasty, for whom everything was settled before time was. Some things are still important to him, but animation is not one of them. He takes no little pains in the adjustment of his headdress and in conventionalizing his attitudes. The carved gods themselves could not improve on his Oxford manner.

I am always aware that it is he looking out of my eyes when the breeze of emotion blows upon the sea of discussion. How can I follow the question at issue with that deprecating mummy inside me? He will not let anyone put more than sixty pounds' pressure on the words, "Quite the contrary," or, "If you will only *think* for a minute." He does not like anyone to dart in with a happy instance, handling it with the concentration and fury of a carpet-sweeper, thereby barking the shins of the opposition. I have often told him that the opposition does not mind its shins —that he is just making me miserable for nothing. Indeed, the opposition seems palpitatingly capable of accomplishing its own

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warfare, but it demands heat for the forging of its weapons. Except for this wet-blanket ancestor, I, too, would be fighting with calories for logic, and with that fervent sense of victory which each party to an argument enjoys. As things are, I am the only one conscious of defeat when the reverberation dies away. All the others have been stimulated. Further, they have been reassured as to the clarity of their conceptions, and persuaded of their real flair for vigorous statement.

In practical matters, the ancestral bias again shows items of profit and items of loss. So far as I can tell, I never had an ancestor who could compute the number of street-car fares in a dollar. Or if I had, he hugged his secret to him and bore it with him across the Styx. I am not recompensed for financial helplessness, so unbecoming in a town dweller, by, for instance, an unmarketable capacity with horses. If I were of a different century and another sex, I might be greatly sought after as a jockey. But who, chiding me for my stupidities in counting change, cares about my native talent for riding?

It is all very mixed, and throws a heavy burden upon Environment. One's immediate Heredity may be a great help in the modeling of one's nose and in one's grounding in the Ten Commandments. But the impulses and tastes which make us distinguishable from our sisters and our cousins and our aunts seem to come to us in insured parcels often from the farthest zones of race consciousness. And we pay the postage at this end of the route.

AGNES LOUISE DEAN.

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WHAT ARE THE ACES DOING?

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

THREE years ago the troopships were homeward bound. On them thousands of young men were coming back from war. For months, and even for years, those young men had been out of the grooves in which their lives had run at home. From farm and factory, from shop and office, from street and drawing-room, they had been snatched by the army. This man had left the plow, that man the lathe; he of the shop had dropped the measuring-tape, he of the office had put down his pen; one had risen from the park bench, and another from his luxurious easy chair. It was much as the type-setting machine takes letters, groups them together, casts a line of type, and then slides the letters back into their proper places. Men were gathered, and grouped, and used, and then returned to the places whence they had been taken.

Of what did these young men think, as the transports bore them homeward? Did the farmer think of the plow, and the mechanic of the lathe? Did the clerk think of the new line of dry-goods that would be spread upon the counter, or the bookkeeper of his ledger? Did the former sleeper on the park bench wonder if times were still hard, and the social favorite if times were still easy? Not at all. They thought of their sweethearts and of their mothers, and of how good it would be to be with them again; and of how pleasant and how strange it would seem to resume the old manners of life. Of jobs they thought least of all.

Why was it that work was thus least in their minds? Was it because they were lazy? Emphatically, no! The expression "soldiering on the job" in the sense of doing nothing did not apply to active service. That expression came from barrack-room soldiering. Mulvaney, Ortheris or Learoyd would have known it for what it was; to the Doughboy it meant nothing at all, for in the Great War there was no time for idleness. Active service actually involved more manual labor than fighting. For

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every day's fighting a man did four days' sheer hard work. They were not lazy when they returned home, because the army had instilled in them the habit of work.

Why, then, did they not think of work as they stretched at full length on the decks of the troopships and looked at the clouds above and watched the smoke from the funnels drift to the horizon? They did not think of it because when they went away they were promised that their jobs would be waiting for them when they returned, and because the demands and dilemmas of war had taught them to use pick-axe and shovel. But when they got home what did they find? Their jobs waiting for them? In some cases, yes; in many more, no.

"I'm sorry," the employer would say when the boy dropped in, "but business is uncertain. The war ended so suddenly. Nobody knows just what is going to happen. And I can't let out the married ones; can I, now?" And the boy would crumple his cap uneasily in his hands, and say: "Of course not. And anyhow, I don't know that I want that old job, anyway." Sometimes that would be sheer bravado. Often it would be the truth, for the farm hand who had seen London and Paris now felt grave doubts whether his future lay behind a plow, and the boy who had charged machine-guns knew that he could not go back to selling dry-goods.

Now, three years after their return, what are these young men doing? Let us look at a single group. What are the Aces doing? They were as adventurous as any. Reckless, resourceful, carefree, they sailed the skies and high above the clouds fought the Boche and vanquished him and sent him crashing to earth in a streak of smoke and flame. What are they doing to-day? For all our enthusiasm, we have quickly forgotten. Who can remember the Aces now? Who can name two or more of them? Not many. Yet not long since Rickenbacker, the Ace of Aces, and many more, were names to conjure with; altogether there were sixty-six.

What is an Ace, anyway? The definition in the dictionary is not in the least what one might expect. Had I been asked I would have said that an ace was the highest card in any suit. But behold the dictionary:

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ACE, n. A unit; specifically a single pip on a card or die. A very small quantity; a particle; an atom; a trifle: as, the creditor would not abate an *ace* of his demand.

To be sure, the dictionary happens to be an old one. Perhaps the newer editions go further and say: "In aviation, one who destroys five or more enemy aircraft." For that is one of its present meanings, and in the relatively short time we were at war sixty-six of our aviators qualified for its application.

The Aces, then, became the most expert of our fliers. You would suppose that they would go on flying after the war. Here was a new game and one in which they had proved themselves efficient. What more natural than that they should stick to it? But the Aces, with half a dozen exceptions, did not go on flying. There was very little choice for them. Of commercial aviation there was little, so little in fact that you may say there was none, and still is none. To fly, then, they would have had to remain in the Government service. But that service did not offer irresistible attraction. Indeed, in the strange way that governments have, it seemed to rebuff rather than to encourage. For in the readjustments that the army made in coming back to a peace footing these Aces, who by their very proficiency had in most instances won elevation in rank, would have had to step down from majorities to captaincies, and from captaincies to lieutenancies. And reduction in rank meant reduction in pay. Was it any wonder that they asked for their discharge and decided to venture into the less dangerous and more remunerative fields of commerce and finance?

But that was not all. The Aces for the most part were young men, unaccustomed and averse to discipline. They were, if anything, more unaccustomed and more averse to government red tape. Forms, returns, records, were the bane of their existence. Every flight had to be recorded, every gallon of gasoline accounted for, every day's duty explained. Irritating demands of irascible commanders made their lives miserable, and superior officers, who for the most part never ventured into the air, annoyed them beyond all understanding. Bad enough as all that was in war, in peace it would have been unendurable. And so you can count on the fingers of one hand those who remained,

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while you can reckon as a loss to the Government threescore more who left a service that they found inelastic, ungrateful and unimaginative.

Often it was a wrench for the Aces to give up flying. Some of them had found it the best sport in the world; but they gave it up. Some came to the conclusion that the Government did not realize the future of aviation, or it would not let its best pilots leave the service for the reasons they did. For many months after the armistice some of the Aces stayed in the corps, hoping that something would come out of the readjustment to a peace footing, but in the end they resigned. One continued in uniform for eighteen months, but he found that the air service was not improving or even standing still; it was actually going backward! The planes were not improved, the personnel was not improved, the pilots grew tired of flying the same old machines around the same old aerodromes. That is why he gave up flying. In September, 1918, he was for two days a prisoner of war. Then, with another American aviator, he got away. He was slightly wounded while trying to steal a German plane, but he got away only to be recaptured eight days later. This time he and his companion were confined in prison and put on a diet of bread and water, but within two weeks both had escaped again. For twenty-eight days they walked and hid themselves. On October 23 they reached Holland. And before the armistice both of them were fighting on the front again!

At least one Ace has returned to France since the armistice. One is helping to manage cotton mills in the South; another is roughing it on a homestead site in Colorado, where he has discovered "the happiest and best life there is." Another is at the head of an oil company, and a fourth is practising dentistry. So the list runs: A sales manager, a bookkeeper, a lumber dealer, a builder; an engineer, graduated from a university since the war; a manufacturer of electric clocks. Their occupations now are as varied as those from which they went to the war.

Although few of the Aces have continued flying, they have not lost faith in the future of the aeroplane. On the contrary, most of them have implicit faith in its commercial possibilities. One made an unsuccessful venture in commercial aviation, but was

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not discouraged by it. He still flies when the opportunity presents itself. "I have not stopped it and don't intend to," he writes. "I am convinced that aerial transportation will be an accepted method of travel in this country and throughout the world in a very few years, and I hope through civilian connections to be able to contribute in some small measure to its development here." Another has organized an aviation company. The Ace of Aces, Eddie Rickenbacker, also is engaged in commercial aviation, though merely as a side-issue. Even if space permitted, however, it would be impossible to tell what all the Aces are doing. Letters of inquiry to some of them come back unopened and with the ominous notation, "Gone; address unknown." What tragedies those words denote can be surmised. And tragedy indeed it must be for one to have drunk so deeply from the brimming cup abroad to return and have the cup dashed from his hand and broken on the unheeding ground.

For those who had established businesses to which to return it was not difficult to settle down after the war. But only a few of the Aces were in business when the war suddenly called them to perilous heights and flights. For the most part they were little more than boys. Some there were who were established in law or in business before they joined the army; but flying was a young man's game, requiring a young man's nerves and daring, and most pilots went into the army direct from college or after a year or two of business experience. Some returned to college to complete their courses, but a large number found that flying high and fighting the Boche behind the clouds had changed them so completely that after their return they had to remold their lives to their hearts' new desires. In this there was one thing that stood by them throughout those trying days of after-war readjustment. It was something common to all the Aces. It saw them through their battles at those dizzy heights to which the Boche ascended for safety's sake. That one thing was Youth. And Youth more than anything else, perhaps, is now helping the Aces through.

HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE.

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DIONYSOS' GARLAND

BY STARK YOUNG

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον ἀοιδάν;

In the first three months of last season there were forty-six plays and sixteen musical shows produced in New York. This year there were sixty-four plays and seventeen musical shows, and more than two thirds of them were failures. Money has been poured out; plays of many types tried; runs of one week, two weeks or more have begun and ended; and so on and on and on. Everyone knows by this time that the theatre is in a bad way. To bemoan the fortunes of the theatres, however, without remembering the state of things in general throughout the country, is to talk nonsense, to confuse the whole relation of the theatre —and of all art, in fact—to life, and to forget that the theatre is a part of something widespread and more or less to be expected after the war.

As a whole the season has shown no attitude nor any definite direction of importance either from the producer's end or from the public's. There has been no demand for anything in particular; and the childish faith that if we keep spending money and dashing one thing after another, we shall hit something that will go, has been depressing to observe. But there may be one result from all this confusion and lack of foresight and serious desire, and that is the revival of the idea of repertory. More and more people tend to believe that if we can get back to the repertory system, not so much what we once had, but the system that holds now in some of the great European theatres, many of our problems will be solved; solved as to plays most of all, intelligent works that could never hope to run for months or to keep a star going, old plays, experimental plays; solved to some extent at least as to actors, their learning, their art, their salaries, and so on; solved as to a trained and friendly public for the plays and players.

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Early in the season this year came such plays as *The Straw*, *Anna Christie*, *Ambush*, *The Detour*, *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, some of which, notably *Anna Christie*, ran longer than others, but all of which are now off the boards.

There were various English plays offered: *The Circle*, *The White-Headed Boy*, though that was Irish; *The Madras House*, and *The Title;* not to speak of Bataille's *Don Juan* and Karl Shoenkerr's *The Children's Tragedy*, and Bernstein's *The Claw*, with Lionel Barrymore; and numerous French farces. And Ben-Ami was presented to a watching and enthusiastic public in an unfortunate choice, Hirschbein's *The Idle Inn*, a play which in its complete form has more poetry and imagination than any folk play that we have had in years. But it failed, and a fine actor has been wasted for the whole season so far, by reason of the play's removal in appeal partly, and partly because of the fact that the native quality of the play was not trusted, the entire fourth act was cut off, lines altered, and the acting toned down far below the warmth and glowing rhythm of the original.

The best production of the autumn in many ways was *The Madras House* at the Neighborhood Playhouse, which after lying for a long time on bookshelves and being regarded as delightful but not suited to the stage, was bravely dragged forth and turned into one of the successes, artistically and practically, of the year and given a production well-balanced and full of a sense of cultivated and philosophic humor that we get very rarely on our stage. The defects of Mr. Barker's play, the lack of any real vital bottom, and the tendency to run into pseudo-Shavian chatter, remained; but for all that the result of the whole was one of the season's happy surprises.

Among the survivors from last season *Liliom* and *The First Year* have been the most notable.

So much for the early months. Since then there have been no outstanding plays of American origin. *Anna Christie* continued throughout the season, as it deserved to do. The first act of this play, for dialogue and for the directness in the method, is one of the finest things in American drama anywhere; we get a tension and a vibration and a thrilling exactitude in the clash of the words of those securely imagined characters together that

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lift the whole plane of the piece to an almost romantic beauty. In the play itself there is some letting down as the acts follow one another; but the blur in the final effect, where the impression made on many of the audience is that of a happy ending, is due more to the producing than to the dramatist's conception.

Besides numerous revivals like *The Return of Peter Grimm* and *The Deluge*, there have been foreign plays that have constituted the only very notable events in the remainder of the season. Vildrac's *The Steamship Tenacity* was produced with great skill and finish by Mr. Augustin Duncan; and Brieux's *Madame Pierre* in the hands of Miss Estelle Winwood and Mr. Roland Young was a brilliant piece of work. And the Chauve-Souris, long heralded as the foster child of the Moscow Art Theatre, of improvisation and artists' dreams, has been a genuine success in New York, as it was in Paris, if not in London. It is a glowing and amiable form of vaudeville, with jolly decorations and costumes, and, while not distinguished by any great art or talent, is lovable and refreshing, and tinged with a folk quality that may well remind our own native material of its latent artistic possibility.

More important still was the Theatre Guild's production of Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped*. This is not a great play, perhaps, but it is one of the most remarkable of all modern theatre pieces. It is a thing built of irony and a poetic, carrying invention. It should be acted straight and with all the thought and technical dexterity possible to imagine. But the Guild production has been very bad so far as its being an interpretation of the play goes; though as an entertainment on Broadway it is pretty enough and delightful in its way. At bottom this production of Andreyev's play by the Theatre Guild is the most important and the most disappointing artistic failure of the season. But this transgression the Guild has somewhat at least retrieved by the production of Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*. The division of this interminable and garrulous *magnum opus* of Shaw's into three parts, given in as many weeks, has made possible the contract on his terms, which are invariably that no word shall be cut. The play itself illustrates most of Shaw's defects as an artist and his indifference to the fact that there is no body of material that does not carry with it its own inherent and inexorable laws, of

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length, style, quality in general, through which and through which alone it can become a piece of art. *Back to Methuselah* evinces the familiar and insistent determination to say whatever the author likes and as he likes, with the result that much of it is tedious, sometimes foolish, and often a mere repetition of things that Shaw has been driving at over and over again for years. But there is something of large intention and heroic will and vision in the work as a whole; and in places the wit and cerebration are the same as of old.

And finally Eugene O'Neill's play *The Hairy Ape*, which rose at once to the level of the *Emperor Jones* in many critics' minds. To me it is a much more important achievement. The story of the negro porter had an inventive basic idea and showed the plot working through to an effective end. *The Hairy Ape* goes further than that. It is the story of a stoker on a ship who, when he sees the horror of a girl at the sight of him, is stirred to avenge himself on her society and to find the place where he himself belongs in the society of men; and in the end visits the cage of a giant ape and is crushed to death in the beast's arms. The idea here drives through to its conclusion not in terms of the plot but in terms of the whole theme, character, incident and philosophy. For this fact of the author's being able to write himself significantly through the play to the very last line, I regard *The Hairy Ape* as the most distinguished production of the year.

In settings, the decoration of the theatre, there has been nothing new this season of any profound importance. Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes, in view of the Dante celebration, designed some colossal and imaginative settings for *The Divine Comedy;* but unfortunately no production of this was forthcoming. Mr. Simonson achieved some very versatile arrangements and settings for *Back to Methuselah;* and Mr. Robert Edmond Jones made remarkable sets for *The Steamship Tenacity* and for *Swords.* And there was some discussion of Anisfeld's *Snow Maiden* and *The Love for the Three Oranges;* though his designs, however striking they may be, seem to me to remain instances of Russian developments in decor, and to have for us no particular distinction or future importance.

The other most promising event in our theatre this year has about it elements that in their promise might easily be called

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enough for one season to supply. Mr. Wilfred's Color Organ at the Neighborhood Playhouse is, as everyone now knows, an invention on which light can be manipulated with all the possibilities that sound possesses in music. It is therefore capable of becoming a new art, mobile color, and of supplying not only new methods of scenic and other effects in the theatre, but more widely and significantly of becoming an extension of the possibility of the expression of life through art.

But such a season, breaking down as it does the steady and usual run of theatres, opens the way more or less to thoughts and experiments for the future. And—what is more important—it establishes more urgently the need for theory, for new questioning and new weighing of all the accepted statements and conditions regarding the nature of the theatre in general, its art, and its relation to the other arts.

In the first place it is important that we should get away from English tradition. The theatre has never been at home in England since the decline of the Elizabethans. All during the last century it was not taken seriously by the most cultivated and influential class; and the English mind still leans toward the feeling that the theatre is after all hardly one of the more important elements in one's serious life. Reading, for example, is more to be regarded, and governing and sport, not to speak of religion. But America is not England; and the many races blended here make up a dramatic possibility in every direction that will be less and less like Great Britain. And giving up that connection more and more is not as if we were abandoning some fine and significant form of art. The English do their own kind of social comedy very well indeed; crisply, drily, and with some philosophic sense; much better than we do, in fact. And their actors speak better English, those who speak good English at all and do not overdo and give themselves airs and falsify the vowels and choke the tone before it can be produced. But when that is said, all is said. They are not good in tragedy compared to any other European acting; they have no style compared to the French; no realism compared to the Russians; no warmth or beautiful fluidity compared to the Italians; they have no drama compared to Russia, Germany, Italy, or Spain. So that with all these races in Amer-

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ica already, we should turn to the Continent for our study rather than to England; in so far, that is, as we turn elsewhere at all. And the sooner we know that, the better for our acting and our theatric ideas and progress.

As to the acting we have on hand for any sort of development in the theatre, for repertory, experimental companies, new playwrights, little can be said. It may be one of the prices that for a time we shall have to pay for democracy, that in the general equality promised and assured and claimed, an artist is born so, born equal to any undertaking and as good as anybody. At any rate it is a fact that our stage teems with people who have no training whatever, who have no style, no taste and no technique; who are not interesting as people; who are unable to express even what little observation they have made of life, and who nevertheless get a start at being praised in the newspapers and so go ahead from one rôle to another with nothing but their names and what is called their personalities to carry them. This is not to say that there is no talent. There is plenty of possible talent. But there is little art, and of what art we have there is but little opportunity for expression on account of the system of managers and stars and long runs and, last but far from least, the absence of any organized, regular and dependable public.

For that matter we have yet to make up our minds as to what acting is. The young people coming on have been hopelessly confused by the photographic methods in vogue; and they early in the game get the impression that what they have to do is to be themselves, be natural, without ever having stopped to think what being natural in terms of art might mean. Many of them are not actors at all; they are themselves, but they do nothing even moderately well or with any expertness of craft. They cannot even stay in the part, which is at the least one of the signs of an actor; they are in the part only when there is something to do about it, to shriek, to laugh, to walk, to be afraid, to sniffle or to die. Whereas the fact remains that in the art of acting, where it becomes an art, which is not always, the whole thing is a translation of the material from life into art in terms of the actor presenting it. Acting that is art remains art; and the personality of the actor remains always under every rôle that he represents; indeed

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he can present only the qualities of the character that he undertakes; and the reality and point of those qualities as they come to the audience depend on the personal quality and power of the actor himself. Most of our actors have not cultivation enough to give distinction and importance to their work to begin with; and they have no recognized models around them to study, as so many foreign beginners have. And there is no public demand and no criticism that can force them to learn diction and a use of the body that will carry with it the style or the idea in the mind to be expressed. Indeed, as things stand the case gets so bad at times that one despairs; one thinks of the actors among us who are really doing something with themselves, and then of the mob of others, those perplexing people whose aim is so difficult to make out, whose manners and voice and English and artistic ambitions are so puzzling, if you take them seriously. And the deserving artists seem to fade against this array of the rest. I clutch at a worthy name for a moment, here at least is one good actor; and then blightingly and overwhelmingly I hear in the back of my mind what that Greek Demodocus says in the *Anthology*: "All Cilicians are bad men; among the Cilicians there is one good man, Cinyras, and Cinyras is a Cilician." And yet I know that that is neither fair nor true; and aged by the season's wear I cling to my memories and recall actors, sincere and moving artists, however large or small, that have been oases in this rouged and powdered desert of mediocrity: Ben-Ami, Mr. Augustin Duncan and Mr. Cooper in *Tenacity*, Mr. Sidney Blackmer in *The Mountain Man*, Mr. Robinson in *The Deluge*, Miss Eva le Gallienne, Miss Clare Eames, Miss Lord, Mr. Louis Calvert, Miss Winwood, Mr. Roland Young, for some of them at least.

But regardless of all this, we have questions to be thought through; thought first by those who are the leaders of the crowd, who sense the thing in the air, give it style, theory and form, and then put it back again to the general life out of which it was first drawn. We must ask what is the art of the theatre. It is not music, not pantomime, nor pictorial setting. It is no one of these things, though it may include them all. But these things when they become the art of the theatre are no longer what they were before. The theatre can exist without any one of them,

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without words, or gesture, or setting, and still be itself. It remains a separate art, it has a special function of its own which belongs to no other art, and by which it maintains its existence. It has its own kind of rhythm. It is not to be lost sight of in the borrowings from other arts, or under a dazzle of prettiness; but it is to stand fundamentally on its own organic and necessary elements. The clearer and clearer statement of what the art of the theatre is, of what must happen before any material can become this art, is one of the things to be undertaken. We know more or less in what consists the art of painting, of literature, poetry or music. But what the art of the theatre is, remains only half discerned and hardly said at all.

And to what extent is the theatre presentational and how far is it representational? How far, in other words, is illusion artistic in the theatre? For a long time we have gone on taking for granted that the theatre must produce as nearly as possible the actual illusion of life as we see it. The place where the action occurs, the imitation of human beings and their actions, the lines and directions of the play, have all been accepted as necessarily as much like life as possible. Even in the poetic or idealistic drama, where greater freedom from the actual and possible is allowed, we have felt that the main effect should as far as possible persuade us that it is real, is life being enacted there on the stage before our eyes. Whereas, as a matter of fact, the Greeks never pretended for a moment that what they saw on the stage was actually occurring. Nor has the theatre of Japan or of China or India at the highest points ever assumed a necessity of illusion for itself. Grasso in his acting never represents the illusion. You will see him die on the stage with more power, reality and ingenuity than any actor on Broadway could do. But not for an instant does Grasso pretend or his audience pretend that he is dead. They have seen what is infinitely more moving and terrible, have seen the very idea, the abstraction of death, death as it is given us in music. And as soon as the curtain drops, Grasso rises and takes his bow, a thing that has long amused us in the Italians when it happened. But why not? To insist on the illusion that the actor is really dead is only silly and childish. And it is dangerous to the art exhibited there; because it substitutes a

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plausible imitation for the translation into the essential quality that would give the moment portrayed another existence apart from and free of that mere stoppage of vitality that we call death. The tendency toward the presentational in the theatre, as contrasted with the representational, is slightly marked as yet; but the decline of realism that is distinctly visible, and the desire for something more comprehensive, luminous and nourishing and abstractly beautiful, raise again the question as to how far we shall strive for illusion and how far we shall be strictly presentational.

And how much have we been taking for granted about what constitutes the proper subject-matter for a play? What part of the art of the theatre is to be fulfilled by the actors? Is the individual actor as important necessarily as we have had him? Or rather is the great rhythm of the life represented on the stage to be the thing? And how much is the individual character to be the vehicle for the things set forth in drama? We have considered it one of the chief advances of modern drama that the people have ceased to be what we called abstractions or types and have become more and more particular and unforgettable persons, recognizable and applicable largely to themselves alone. But to what extent does it follow that that is an advance? We know how small a part of our interest in the Great War was centred on heroes and individuals. We know what a poor figure kings cut nowadays, the few that are left. How much will the theatre move toward ideas again, abstractions, great forces moving through the world of men; and crashing through time and tearing through human life like the wind through trees or the infinite rhythms of light and dark as they follow each other through the world? No art can ever rest, be settled, have its theory accepted, wound up. And the art of the theatre, which comes always to its own in terms of life, must be as vast, as intricate and as simple as our life is; and the nature of it and its direction will bend and change as our consciousness of life evolves and reshapes itself.

STARK YOUNG.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

MONSIEUR SATIE AND MR. CARPENTER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

To the casual observer of contemporary music, the celebrated Erik Satie is known as an eccentric Frenchman who writes music with absurd titles and preposterous directions to the performer—piano works with such titles as *Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear, The Dreamy Fish, Airs to Make you Run;* printed directions which instruct the pianist to play "on yellow velvet, dry as a cuckoo, light as an egg", or "without noise", "with hands in the pockets", "like a nightingale with the toothache"; or such programmatic indications as the following: "This is the hunt after a lobster; the hunters descend to the bottom of the water. They run. . . . The lobster is tracked. The lobster weeps".

There is no such test of friendship, remarked George Eliot, as a difference in the sense of humor; and the infantile buffooneries of Satie have done him an ill service with many who have been deterred by these somewhat elephantine gambollings from recognizing, behind the *farceur* and the gamin, the gifted and original musician, the tonal path-breaker, who is the essential Satie. Parodist, clown, poseur, a whimsical and outrageous prank-player, deliberately and joyously engaged in the ancient pastime of making the simple-minded sit up, Satie is nevertheless a considerable figure in modern musical history. At a time when Stravinsky was a boy of nine and Schönberg a youth of seventeen, Satie was writing music extraordinary for its daring and originality. In his *Le Fils des Étoiles* (1891) there are harmonic inventions which sound for all the world like passages to which Stravinsky and Schönberg, twenty years later, were signing their names with a noble gesture of revolutionary defiance; and Satie was writing Debussyisms while Debussy himself was still employing the genteel and perfumed idiom of Massenet.

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Satie, the son of a Scotch mother and a French father, studied first with Guilmant, then at the Conservatoire, where he did not shine as a pupil. He played in the Montmartre cabarets and consorted with the wild-eyed Sâr Péladan (Josephine Aimé Péladan), whose grotesque *Salon de la Rose-Croix* he joined in 1892, writing music for plays by Péladan—as, for example, preludes to *Le Fils des Étoiles*, a "Chaldean Wagnerism" in three acts. Satie then resorted to the Schola Cantorum for further study, and in 1911 Ravel made him a subject of excited discussion by playing some of his piano pieces at a concert of the Societé Musicale Independente.

This singular and baffling person—this "shy and genial fantaisist, part-child, part-devil, part-faun", as Carl Van Vechten calls him in an admirable and pioneering essay, "played on by Impressionism, Catholicism, Rosicrucianism, Pre-Raphaelitism, Theosophy, the *camaraderie* of the cabaret"—has produced voluminously, but music that is chiefly for the piano. For orchestra there exist, in addition to the music for *Le Fils des Étoiles* (1891), these scores: *Uspud*, a "Christian ballet for one person"; a prelude to a play by Jules Bois, *La Porte Héroïque du Ciel* (1893), orchestrated by Roland Manuel—a work satirizing mysticism in music, "which gives a general impression suggesting a ritual being chanted by the voluptuous inmates of a harem"; *Je te Veux*, a "pseudo-sentimental" waltz; *Les Pantins Dansent*, after a poem by Valentine de Saint-Point (1912), also orchestrated by Manuel; music for a ballet, *Parade*, devised by Cocteau and Picasso, choreography by Massine, produced at the Châtelet, Paris, by the Russian Ballet, May 18, 1917; a burlesque, *Le Piccadilly;* and *Socrate*, a *drame symphonique* for voice and orchestra, in three parts, based on the Dialogues of Plato (Paris, June 7, 1920).

In the Best Circles of musical hyper-modernism, Satie, it appears, is regarded as an exponent of "that spirit of sane thinking and satire which is a distinctive mark of the French intelligence" —the authentic *esprit gaulois:* that spirit of sly malice, mockery, satire, gayety, ironic humor, which had its early exemplification in the *nouvelles* of La Salle, and which survives in the work of Anatole France. As for M. Satie himself, he has recently declared: "Thirty years ago I was 'terribly Impressionist'. Mod-

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ern sensibility was then 'Impressionist' . . . it lived on impressions. Once, even, I was a 'humorist'. . . . Now . . . I have given it up. It is too ugly. In life, one must be serious. . . . Everything must be done seriously"—in which it is not impossible to perceive an inverted gravity.

Certainly it may be said, however, with complete sobriety, that this strange being can write, when he pleases, music of beautiful dignity and distinction; and indisputably he is one of those innovators who have helped to enlarge the potentialities of musical speech. The ultra-modernists have wandered in his harmonic garden with much profit to themselves, even though they knew not the name of the owner thereof. For now, at last, we have heard in these parts the famous *Gymnopédies* of Satie, originally three piano pieces, the first and third of which have been orchestrated with exquisite discretion by Claude Debussy; and they are disclosed as among the most gracious and distinguished things that musical France has given us.

The Gymnopædia was an annual festival of ancient Sparta, so named from the dances performed by naked youths in honor of Apollo, Artemis, and Leto, to commemorate the Spartan victory over the Argives at Thyrea.

The feast of the Gymnopædiæ was a highly consequential one in Sparta. It lasted, says Rawlinson, for several days, sometimes ten. It was less a religious festival than a great spectacle, wherein the grace and strength of the Spartan youth were exhibited to their admiring countrymen and to foreigners. "The chief ceremonies were choral dances, in which wrestling matches and other gymnastic exercises were closely imitated, and which served to show the adroitness, activity and bodily strength of the performers. These were chiefly Spartan youths, who danced naked in the forum, round the statues of Apollo, Diana and Latona. Songs in celebration of the noble deeds performed by the youths—as the exploits of Thyrea and Thermopylæ—formed a portion of the proceedings at the Festival."

Satie has conceived these dances as slow, grave, processional in tone, suavely and serenely classical in spirit. Some have refused to take at their face value the dignity and charm, the poised and lovely simplicity of these pieces, and have chosen to see in them

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merely "delightful parodies of the dull monotony and sentimentality of conventional dance-rhythms". But that is to assume that Satie, even at twenty-two, was a confirmed, relentless, and indefatigable parodist,—which is unlikely. Even a parodist must have his days of rest.

Mr. John Alden Carpenter, as everyone knows, is an American; but he has a wholly un-American flexibility. Mr. Carpenter's responsive and versatile genius enables him to turn at will, for the subject-matter of his music, to the Spain of Velasquez, or the Comic Section of the daily paper, or the poetry of Tagore, or the hedonistic life of a perambulating baby in a city park, or his own untabulated reveries as a poet in tones; and not long ago he paid his respects to the memorable year 1620. We have lately heard in New York his *Pilgrim Vision*, composed for the Pilgrim Tercentenary, and performed here in March at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mr. Carpenter has himself set forth the imaginative basis of his music; and as he writes as well as he composes, it is a pleasure no less than a duty to exhibit his own gloss upon his score:

"In order," he has said, "that the purpose of the composer may be made clear, we are asked to imagine the grim little Pilgrim band in a last religious service in England, the march to the sea, the embarkation. We are asked to watch their ship as it sails away and disappears under the edge of the sky. Surely an extraordinary adventure! And surely, at the moment when the sea seems its most tremendous, and the Pilgrim ship its most forgotten, it is easy to think that in that moment the Eye of God rested upon them and smiled. For the sea speeds them on their way and they come at last to the Shore of their Hope. We can share in the exultation of their landing, in the joy of their discovery, and we can feel with them the thrill of the Future America."

It would be superfluous to attempt any elaboration of the foregoing remarks by Mr. Carpenter upon the imaginative substratum of his *Pilgrim Vision*. He paints the picture, suggests the vision, on his orchestral canvas; he elucidates and enforces it,

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with admirable conciseness and felicity, in his argument. But comment is in order, however, upon some of the purely musical aspects of Mr. Carpenter's score.

He begins his piece by an organ proclamation of the *Old Hundredth* hymn-tune; and lest any youthful Congregationalist be disposed to rise up and accuse Mr. Carpenter of anachronism, he had better be reminded that the *Old Hundredth* was at least seventy years old when the Pilgrim band sang it,—as we may suppose,—with fearfully uplifted hearts, at that last service before their departure.

With the end of the hymn the music becomes processional, and there is the solemn pealing of bells—music full of the spirit of faith and resolution. Then follows what the imagination hears as music of the sea—the sea as mystery, as caprice, as menace; the sea vast and terrible and endless by night under the cold October stars, or angered by November gales, or bright with the promissory gold of the west; but in a moment of gracious airs and calm seas, the orchestral skies clear for a while and, enclosed by a shimmering veil of harp tones and the shining of the glockenspiel, the music sings its consolatory reminder of an omnipresent, watchful, smiling Providence (for this phrase is annotated in the score: "The Eye of God"). But the clouds gather again, and the fortitude of the immortal band on their little ship is long and cruelly tested. "Stress of weather kept the *Mayflower* nine weeks on the Atlantic," says the historian Woodrow Wilson, and they sighted land "in the bleak days of late November." Albert Bushnell Hart says that the Pilgrims had "three months of stormy voyage" from the time they left Plymouth harbor in England on the 6th of September. But inasmuch as Professor Hart records that it was on November 11 that they drew up their compact while at anchor off Cape Cod, Professor Wilson's "nine weeks" seems rather better arithmetic than Professor Hart's "three months".

As they "come at last to the shore of their hope" the orchestra becomes solemnly jubilant with songs of praise; and amid the pealing of bells and the chanting of trombones and trumpets celebrating the beneficent mercy of Providence, the hearer remembers the assurance of that admirable Puritan, Jonathan

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Edwards, that "God's excellency, wisdom, and love seemed to appear in everything: in the clouds, in the blue sky, in the water, and all nature."

And thus we leave the Pilgrims as they land near a certain bowlder set "among diverse cornfeilds & litle runing brooks",[1] thrilling with their new vision and their superb hope.

It is not an easy thing to turn history—even romantic and exalted history—into music. And of course, strictly speaking, Mr. Carpenter has neither attempted nor accomplished anything of the kind. He has sought merely to extract the emotional essence of that great adventure of 1620 and state it in terms of musical speech; and he has done this admirably—with gravity, pith, and tenderness; with a rich sense of the nobility and drama of his theme. That he has also, incidentally, produced a piece of music which is as validly and indisputably "American" as Cape Cod, may be accredited to him for righteousness; though we regard this as of infinitely less importance than that he has given us music of distinction and flavor and clear sincerity.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

[1] Governor Bradford's spelling, not ours.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

DIAGNOSING AMERICA[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We have before us a volume of 500-odd pages entitled *Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans.* Its purpose is clearly stated on the jacket of the book: This is "not a collection of overlapping essays, but a unified work growing out of the meetings of a group of American writers, who planned this re-valuation of our contemporary culture in the spirit of the eighteenth century French Encyclopedists. The book is neither propaganda nor apology, but the unbiased attempt of a group of more or less kindred minds to sum up the larger aspects of American life and culture, and point out the defects as well as the virtues of American civilization."

The first thing that strikes the reader is that there are some remarkable omissions in the book. In what is avowedly an attempt "to sum up the larger aspects of American life and culture", there is no study of Architecture; none of Religion; none of that strange and significant expression of the spiritual mind of America which might be roughly indicated as the "New Thought" movement—something quite apart from what the Church knows as Religion, yet profoundly and engrossingly revelatory of the national temper. Nor is there any examination of the American Periodical—the kind of inquiry into an immensely significant phase of our civilization which Professor Henry Seidel Canby contributed to The North American Review not long ago.

Who are the "thirty Americans" whose labors of inquiry and discussion are here assembled? They are strangely assorted, strangely unequal in ability. We give, for the sake of completeness, their names and subjects: *The City*, Lewis Mumford;

[1] *Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans.* Edited by Harold E. Stearns. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

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Politics, H. L. Mencken; *Journalism*, John Macy; *The Law*, Zechariah Chafee, Jr.; *Education*, Robert Morss Lovett; *Scholarship and Criticism*, J. E. Spingarn; *School and College Life*, Clarence Britten; *The Intellectual Life*, Harold E. Stearns; *Science*, Robert H. Lowie; *Philosophy*, Harold Chapman Brown; *The Literary Life*, VanWyck Brooks; *Music*, Deems Taylor; *Poetry*, Conrad Aiken; *Art*, Walker Pach; *The Theatre*, George Jean Nathan; *Economic Opinion*, Walter H. Hamilton; *Radicalism*, George Soule; *The Small Town*, Louis Raymond Reid; *History*, H. W. Van Loon; *Sex*, Elsie Clews Parsons; *The Family*, Katharine S. Anthony; *The Alien*, Frederick C. Howe; *Racial Minorities*, Geroid Tanquary Robinson; *Advertising*, J. Thorne Smith; *Business*, Garet Garrett; *Engineering*, O. S. Beyer, Jr.; *Nerves*, Alfred B. Kuttner; *Medicine*, Anonymous; *Sport and Play*, Ring W. Lardner; *Humor*, Frank M. Colby. In addition, there are three essays offering a view of American Civilization "from the Foreign Point of View", written by an Englishman (Henry L. Stuart), an Irishman (Ernest Boyd), and an Italian (Raffaello Piccoli). There are bibliographical notes, a "Who's Who of Contributors", and an index.

It may be said at once that those who come to this book with the expectation of finding anything that might be described by that glib adjective, "constructive", will be disappointed. These investigators did not set out to be "constructive": their aim was to diagnose, to dissect; not to prescribe. They were "constructive" only to the same degree that a surgeon is when he attends to a bodily lesion. He operates, and goes his way. It is up to the patient to get well, assisted by Nature, and by another kind of medical man, with prescriptions of a tonic and advice as to regimen; but the surgeon is through. To state the matter in another way, it is the sole duty of an enlightened Building Commissioner to see that an unsanitary and unsafe tenement-house is pulled down. You do not ask him to put up a new building in its place—that is the duty of private capital (at least in our present civilization); of the real estate interests. Mr. Stearns puts the matter admirably when he says that he and his collaborators wished to speak the truth about American civilization as they saw it, in order to do their share in making

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a real civilization possible—"I think with all of us [he says] there was a common assumption that a field cannot be ploughed until it has first been cleared of rocks, and that constructive criticism can hardly exist until there is something on which to construct". That seems unanswerable; and so it is beside the point to quarrel with these Thirty Americans for not doing something which was no part of their duty, as they saw it. They have been hotly taken to task because they "set forth . . . nothing of articulate excellence"; because they "condemn". Well, the surgeon "condemns" an infected finger or a diseased appendix, without being asked why the devil he doesn't admire the color of the patient's eyes or speak favorably of his chest development. That is not, at the moment, his business. Nor is it pertinent to make light of the extreme earnestness, of the "pessimism", of these inquirers, or to sneer at them or abuse them. The only legitimate concern of the critic or the reader is to form an opinion as to the truth of the charges against our civilization that are brought in this book.

We have not space to examine these charges in detail; but it is possible to summarize them, and with fairness, because Mr. Stearns himself does so in his recapitulation of "the three major contentions" which, in his own term, are "basic" in all the essays. These major contentions are as follows (we shall venture to comment upon each of them in turn):

First: That in almost every branch of American life there is a sharp dichotomy between preaching and practice; we let not our right hand know what our left hand doeth. Curiously enough, no one regards this, and in fact no one consciously feels this as hypocrisy—there are certain abstractions and dogmas which are sacred to us, and if we fall short of these external standards in our private life, that is no reason for submitting them to a fresh examination; rather are we to worship them the more vociferously to show our sense of sin. Regardless, then, of the theoretical excellence or stupidity of these standards, in actual practice the moral code resolves itself into the one cardinal heresy of being found out, with the chief sanction enforcing it, the fear of what people will say.

That seems to us so true as to be platitudinous. No American who is penetrating, candid, and humorous would, we fancy, dream of denying the essential justice of this accusation. It is perfectly true that there is much disheartening hypocrisy in our

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attitude toward legal and moral prohibitions. The evidences of it are inescapable. It would be merely otiose to cite instances. The word "bunk" was probably invented in America to meet the need of describing a thing which seems to be peculiarly our own. If the contention of the Thirty Inquirers is not sufficiently illustrated by that most obvious of examples, our attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment, it would be hard to prove the contrary. What we preach is that this particular law is a grand and holy thing for the workingman, but one which we who do not happen to be workingmen (in the special sense of the term) need not regard. And so we cheerfully flout the law which our representatives put on the statute-books for us, and install cafés in our clubs and supply wine at our semi-public banquets and buy bad and expensive liquor at restaurants (when we can afford it) and turn our trousers into baby bars. The Best People do these things—judges, lawyers, editors, captains of industry, politicians (when they think they won't be found out); and, as Mr. Stearns accurately observes, "no one consciously feels this as hypocrisy". But it would be fatuous to labor the point. The truth of the charge is apparent to anyone who is not either stupid or dishonest. So let us move on to the second count in the indictment:

> Whatever else American civilization is, it is not Anglo-Saxon, and we shall never achieve any genuine nationalistic self-consciousness as long as we allow certain financial and social minorities to persuade us that we are still an English Colony. Until we begin seriously to appraise and warmly to cherish the heterogeneous elements which make up our life, and to see the common element running through all of them, we shall make not even a step towards true unity; we shall remain, in Roosevelt's class-conscious and bitter but illuminating phrase, a polyglot boarding-house.

But if American civilization is actually something other than "Anglo-Saxon", what difference does it make whether or not "certain financial and social minorities" try to persuade us that we are still an English Colony? We are not, and we know we are not. If the Financial and Social Minorities wish to solace themselves by thinking so, of what consequence is it? The implication is that we allow those parties (as Mark Twain might call them) to persuade us. But whom do the Thirty

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Enquirers mean when they say "us"? Is the best of our fictionists, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, persuaded that we are an English Colony? Ask him—or read his books. Did the best of our music makers think so? Listen to the *Keltic* Sonata of MacDowell, to his typical and magnificent *Indian* Suite. Listen to Carpenter's Jazz ballet, to John Powell's *Negro Rhapsody*, to Griffeth's *Kubla Khan.* Ask Carl Sandburg or Edgar Lee Masters or Robert Frost. Is Congress persuaded? We hold no brief for Congress—indeed, we heartily agree with most of what Mr. H. L. Mencken says of it in his contribution to *Civilization in America;* but we perceive no evidence that Congress is persuaded that we are an English Colony. The Thirty Enquirers seem to deplore our lack of "nationalistic self-consciousness". Again, we perceive no evidence of this lack. What does it matter, anyway? Certainly it matters little to what the Thirty sometimes describe as "the creative life". Richard Wagner neither needed nor responded to any spirit of "nationalistic self-consciousness" when he composed the greatest music in the world, the score of *Tristan und Isolde*, which is far more Italian in style than it is German. How French is the most beautiful and distinguished of French operas, *Pelléas et Mélisande?* The answer must be that it lacks many of the qualities that a "nationalistic self-consciousness" should have taught Debussy to give it, and possesses other characteristics that are not French at all. The best musical setting of *Falstaff* is by an Italian. The most "American" of all symphonies was written by a Bohemian. We have gone to music for these instances because it is in music that a nationalistic self-consciousness, in the creative field, has freest play. So, as we said, what does it matter, even if what the Thirty seem to believe is true?

The third and last of the book's major contentions is thus set forth:

> The most moving and pathetic fact in the social life of America to-day is emotional and æsthetic starvation. . . . There must be an entirely new deal of the cards in one sense; we must change our hearts. For only so, unless through the humbling of calamity or scourge, can true art and true religion and true personality, with their native warmth and caprice and gaiety, grow up in America.

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"Emotional Starvation"? Let us consider this first, and briefly. Is the American in his social life emotionally starved? We do not believe it. On the contrary, he is emotionally overstimulated. For the typical American (if there is any such bird—and the Thirty apparently think they have isolated him) is nothing if not emotional; although we hasten to say that we are not perfectly sure just what value to give to the word "emotional" in the phrase quoted above; for its significance there is not clear and is not defined. "Æsthetic starvation" is a different matter. If the phrase means that our American civilization suffers from lack of æsthetic nourishment—that such appetite as we possess has not enough to feed on; not enough fine literature to read, fine music to hear, fine plays to see—we do not think it conveys truth. In what other contemporary civilization do rich individuals spend such appalling sums of money for the support of symphony orchestras, for example? If the civilized American is yearning to steep himself in æsthetic experience, he has only himself to blame if he does not do so. But perhaps the meaning of the Thirty is that he doesn't *want* to; and so their phrase should have read: "Æsthetic incapacity", or "æsthetic insensibility"; and then it would have been true and apt.

What Mr. Deems Taylor says in his admirable essay on *Music* is true, in the main, of the attitude of Americans toward all æsthetic experience: "Instruction, release, amusement—that, in general, is all we want of art. . . . The typical American goes to an art-work either frankly to have his senses tickled or for the sake of a definite thing that it says or a series of extraneous images or thoughts that it evokes—never for the *Ding an sich*. Of pure æsthetic emotion he exhibits very little. To him, beauty is emphatically not its own excuse for being. He does not want it for its own sake, and distrusts and fears it when it appears before him unclothed in moral lessons or associated ideas."

That is indisputably true, and it is, in all conscience, a sufficiently grave indictment. How can a people that feels thus about the finest things of the mind dare to believe that its civilization is a respectable thing, let alone an admirable thing? For what is "civilization"? It is, said Mr. Webster, "relative advancement in social culture". By that definition we have no reason to be

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proud of ourselves so far as our relation to spiritual rareness is concerned. And in other respects there are harsh and mortifying things to be said of us. We are, taking us by and large, bigoted, sentimental, superficial; we are unbelievably submissive, being the Easy Marks of the ages ("docile" was Lord Northcliffe's politely indicative word for it). We have schoolboy brains and schoolgirl emotions. We are governed, on the whole, by legislatures that are, to say the least, depressingly unintelligent,—that carry on the discussion of measures of the utmost importance "in the manner of the Chautauqua and the rural stump". Our thinking is conventional and standardized. At its worst, it is muddled and hysterical; seldom lucid, uninhibited, and poised. We are poor sports, for we are cruel and oppressive toward unpopular minorities. Unable to endure dissenters, we suppress them whenever we can.

These are some—the most damaging—of the charges that are brought against us by the Thirty. It is dismaying to consider them calmly and to be forced to admit that they are, in the main, warranted. That admission is not agreeable. Many will refuse to make it. But we do not believe that any sensitive, dispassionate, and candid student of contemporary American life can fail to realize that there is an overwhelming measure of truth in these allegations. Despite our kindliness, our genuine thirst after righteousness, our receptiveness, our gayety and humor, we have much to do to be saved. Let those who know and cherish America be the first to chastize her, not the last; for their chastizing is founded "not on hate of what they cannot understand, but on love of what they wish all to share".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMATEUR meddling in diplomacy was exhibited in a peculiarly unfortunate light by an incident in connection with the ratification of the Washington treaties which in its baldest aspect merited the epithet of "infamous" which was applied to it in a very high quarter. A question was asked which implied an imputation against our Government of double-dealing for the deception of our own nation. It was inspired by some reported utterances of men of high professional standing in an organization which was entirely unofficial yet which bore a name plausibly suggesting that it was an important and authoritative bureau of government. The transparent sincerity and integrity of the Administration of course disposed of the incident without harm to the results of the recent Conference. But there was left a very serious question as to the propriety of such organized discussion of delicate issues of international business which the Government has in hand. We all remember how justly Dr. Logan was rebuked by Act of Congress, and how odious was the Hartford Convention. We know, too, how strictly it is forbidden to comment upon a matter which is under trial in a court of justice. It is desirable for citizens to acquaint themselves with public affairs, both national and international. But considerations of propriety and patriotism should certainly restrain them from making, especially in a quasi-official manner, utterances which might create false impressions abroad and cause embarrassment to or unfavorable reflections upon the Government at home.

One of the sanest and most authoritative of all comments upon the first year's achievements of the present Administration, and especially upon the Conference, has been made by the Vice-President, whose words should be taken to heart and mind by every citizen. Mr. Coolidge dwelt justly upon the enormous reduc-

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tion of armament and decrease of public expenditures that have been effected; but prudently warned his hearers against exaggerated interpretations of those results. "It does not," he said in his characteristic epigrammatic manner, "mean that the burdens of existence are to be lifted from mankind. It does not mean that military establishments are to be no longer required. An agreement to maintain a parity between navies is not an agreement to abolish navies." These words are to be commended to those who would transform rational reduction into something like destruction of our forces. The very fact that we have so greatly reduced the size of the fleet is of course a most compelling argument for keeping all that is left of it fully manned and in the best possible condition. We have agreed that the American, British and Japanese navies shall hereafter be proportioned as 5, 5, and 3. It is quite certain that those two Powers will keep their fleets up to the full strength thus prescribed. But if, as has been urged in Congress, we throw one-third of ours out of commission, unmanned, we shall fall one-third below the British strength and exceed that of Japan by the narrowest of margins; the scale being 3.3, 5, and 3. To do that would be to make the noble results of the Conference a menace instead of a blessing to us. In the name of and for the sake of peace it may be pertinent to remember an incident of exactly three hundred years ago. Canonicus, Sachem of the Narragansetts, sent to the Plymouth Colonists a rattlesnake skin filled with arrows—a challenge to war. Governor Bradford returned it to him, filled with gunpowder and bullets. And there was peace.

General satisfaction will attend the decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, upholding the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages in the public schools, at least below a certain grade. Of the logical validity of the law there never was room for serious question. The power of the State to require universal attendance at school essentially implies the power to prescribe the general courses of study that shall be pursued. The object of compulsory schooling is to assure in all citizens sufficient education for the right performance of the duties of citizenship. To require children to attend school, and

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to permit the school to teach them nothing of civic value, would be gross stultification. Of the educational soundness of it there is no more room for question. The weakest and least satisfactory of all the work done in the average public school is its teaching—or not teaching—of English. Until the schools turn out scholars far better instructed and trained in the use of the vernacular, they have no business to give an hour's instruction in any foreign tongue. Finally, on the moral ground the law is of impregnable propriety—indeed, of imperative desirability. The very fact that in any community or State there is a large proportion, even a majority, of residents of non-English speaking origin is one of the strongest possible reasons for teaching no language but English in the common schools. This consideration is reëmphasized by the notorious fact that most of the opposition to the Nebraska law comes from an alien element which has insolently proclaimed its purpose to remain permanently alien and to rear its offspring as aliens; and which demands that American citizens shall provide and maintain schools for that delectable purpose.

The Antigonish "ghost hunt", which attracted international and serious scientific attention, afforded an equally ridiculous and lamentable illustration of the extremes to which the itch for publicity will go. There had been a long series of extraordinary occurrences, some of a criminal character, quite inexplicable to all who had suffered from or observed them; apparently the deeds of a particularly shrewd miscreant, of an equally cunning lunatic, or of some supernatural agency. Assuming that the last theory was correct, an expert psychologist undertook an investigation. The most elementary common sense of course made it imperative that the investigation, like all detective work, should be conducted as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, in order that the criminal or lunatic might not be warned and refrain from operations which might lead to detection, or that there might be no disturbance of conditions favorable to supernatural agencies. Instead, however, the very opposite policy was adopted. Orders went forth to

> Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim—

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that investigators were coming, accompanied by press agents, "movie" camera men, and a whole retinue of sensation-makers. Thus the whole enterprise was made absurdly futile in advance. There has long been a proverbial injunction against "going fishing with a brass band". It may now be replaced with a stronger one against the flippant folly of going "ghost hunting" with a "movie" outfit.

Excepting on the part of those who have been comparing him with Jesus Christ, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, there will be little regret at the locking-up of Mr. M. K. Gandhi, who has long been something of an international nuisance, and whose tortuous and illogical career has never commended him to the esteem of thoughtful men. But there will be an even stronger feeling than regret at the sequel to it which is seen in the new scheme for settling affairs in the Near East. With the disposition of Constantinople, Adrianople, Gallipoli, Smyrna and other places and regions we need not concern ourselves. But the whole Christian world is deeply concerned in the proposal for the abolition of the Armenian State and the turning over of the remnant of that long-suffering people to torment and extinction at the hands of the Turks. The pretence of putting them under the protection of the League of Nations, and of going house-hunting for a "national home" for them—possibly on Wrangell Land or Kerguelen?—is one of the most acrid and cynical of jests. It is indeed impertinent to mention the League of Nations as sponsor for a performance which would make the veriest "scrap of paper" of that fundamental principle of the League, the right of national self-determination. Of all the varied peoples affected by the Great War there is certainly none more entitled to that right—to independence in their own ancient home land—than the Armenians. They were an independent nation, in that land, a thousand years before Mohammed was born; they were the first Christian nation in the world; they ranked for centuries among the most highly civilized nations of the world. Yet now their last hope of restoration is destroyed, and they are given as a sacrifice to their hereditary and merciless foes, as the price for which the latter are to acquiesce in the suppression of Gandhi's sedition.

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At such a price will the Great Powers purchase—so they fondly hope—the loyalty of their Mohammedan subjects, who have accepted the leadership of Gandhi, though he is of course not of their faith. "The rest is silence!"

The coal strike, threatened at this writing to be the greatest and perhaps the most disastrous in history, emphasizes anew two things, with a force which would be immediately convincing to any less shiftless and happy-go-lucky people than ourselves. One is, the need—let us say, also, the impregnable equity—of some irresistible provision for the protection of the public from the effects of such disturbances. Because some thousands of men cannot agree upon the solution of a simple problem in economic arithmetic, a nation of a hundred millions must be menaced in the enjoyment of one of the prime necessities of life. Truly, the rôle of *Tertium Quid* is mightily becoming to the American people! The other obvious point is, the need of such development of our resources of "white coal" as shall at once conserve our rapidly waning supply of anthracite and bituminous and lessen its economic importance. The water-power available in the United States but now neglected is easily sufficient to take the place of fifty per cent of the coal now consumed—a power which never could be exhausted, which would greatly lessen the cost of manufactures and utilities, and which would be an immeasurable gain for cleanliness and comfort. Strange, that we need such a cataclysm and disaster as a universal strike to teach us these simple lessons; and then we do not learn them!

Belgium, France, Great Britain and some other enlightened and progressive countries some weeks ago put into effect a uniform system of what they felicitously call "summer time"; setting their clocks forward an hour, so as to utilize an hour more of sunlight each day, and dispense with an hour of artificial light every evening. This is done uniformly, by national enactment and decree, so that there is never nor anywhere the slightest embarrassment or confusion. The United States, which would sharply resent any implication that it was less enlightened and progressive than they, will a week or so hence plunge into a state of horological

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chaos. Some States will run on one time and some on another. In the same State some cities will have "standard" and some "day-light saving" time. There will be a similar diversity among railroads. In Squedunk a man will take the eight o'clock train at nine o'clock, and at Podunk he will alight from the six o'clock train at five. A traveller will leave home at ten o'clock and after journeying an hour will find that it is still precisely ten o'clock; and five minutes later it will be five minutes after eleven. In France last year "summer time" resulted in a saving of 200,000 tons of coal, and there—as indeed here also—all authorities agree that "day-light saving" means an immense gain for health. Yet like Gallio we seem to care for none of these things. Year after year we fail to make up our minds as to the system of time we shall use, and year after year suffer the inconvenience and actual distress of a helter-skelter mingling of two systems. It is not a creditable showing for a nation which boasts of its practicality and efficiency.

After forty years British occupation of Egypt, which most of the time was tantamount to actual annexation, is ended, and for the first time since the death of Cleopatra the Land of the Pharaohs is an independent kingdom. Thus the promise which Gladstone made is at last fulfilled. We need not speculate upon the question whether, had it not been for the Great War, this would have been done sooner, or have been postponed to a later date. There is nothing perceptible in the results of the War that put any stronger constraint upon the British Government to do the thing; wherefore we may credit it directly to the good faith of that Government and to its fixed purpose to keep its word. The record of these forty years is illumined with the names of four of the greatest Britons of the age, whose impress upon the history not only of Egypt but indeed of the world is indelible and illustrious: Gordon, the knight-errant and martyr; Kitchener, the avenger and conqueror; Cromer, the administrator and constructor; Allenby, the restorer and the finisher of faith. In all the thousands of years of the history of that ancient land there are no passages more heroic or more worthy of immortal remembrance than these which we have witnessed in our own day and generation.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE OUTCAST. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by W. Worster, M. A. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

It seems best to say of *The Outcast*, first of all, that it is, in every reasonable and traditional sense, an amazingly good story, and then to add that it is a profound story. This order of emphasis is, indeed, the natural order. Every work of fiction ought to be first of all a good story, and afterwards a profound or significant story. It must reach its profundity or significance through life; it must synthesize rather than analyze. For it is precisely the office of fiction, when it has any office beyond that of mere entertainment, to give us, through a synthesis,—a binding-together of various elements of experience,—such an understanding of life or insight into it as we cannot get through the ordinary method of analysis.

The thought that overwhelms the critic in his effort to appraise *The Outcast* is this: What would the story have been if any other writer had attempted to treat the same fable? One shrinks from pursuing this inquiry. There are so many possibilities in the fable itself for all manner of faults—for sordidness, horror, an inhuman solemnity, false sentiment, shallow mysticism, religiosity, mere moralism. And the result of falling into any of these errors, or all of them, would have been to leave the whole story a meaningless hodge-podge, an offense to good sense and to good taste.

Yet all these elements, or their counterparts, are real factors in life—the objects of genuine experience. Without an understanding of misery and terror, without adequate seriousness and idealism, without some sort of faith in the unseen and some respect for the moral law, one cannot write truly about life. And this remains true, notwithstanding the fact that these experiences are constantly perceived by us in forms that suggest sordidness, horror, inhuman solemnity, superstition, dogmatism, or conventional morality.

Distrusting our profounder instincts, we cease the effort to synthesize, to humanize our experiences, and turn to the scientific, the analytical method. Misery we view from the standpoint of economics, terror from that of psychology, idealism and faith from that of logic. We abstract these things, analyze them, and try to put them away from us as not being really a part of us. It is our desire to be matter-of-fact, "healthy-minded"; and thus we deprive ourselves of what Unamuno calls "the tragic sense of life".

This is precisely what Miss Lagerlöf has not done. She has synthesized, and it has required a comprehensive mind and a potent spirit to make an intelligible and emotionally powerful whole out of the diverse materials of which *The*

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Outcast is composed. She has succeeded in a manner that betokens genius. This story, improbable, wild, realistic or commonplace at times to the verge of exciting repugnance, daring in its inclusions of folklore and phantasy, does reflect the world and does truly represent the human spirit. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of singular intimacy and warmth, the atmosphere of village life, almost of the family circle; it wears, therefore, an air of homely familiarity that guards it from any sense of incongruity or unreality. Out of it there comes a kind of wisdom, instinctive, maternal, unanswerable.

To come back to the point that *The Outcast* is primarily a good story: it is so because it holds in suspension so many elements of interest, binds together such a diversity of attitudes. Just so much of the story may be profitably rehearsed as will serve to illustrate this point.

Sven Elversson, the son of poor peasants living on the island of Grimon, off the West coast of Sweden, has been adopted as a child by a rich English family. As a young man he returns in disgrace. Shipwrecked with his companions on an expedition to the far North, he is said to have tasted human flesh.

Here, indeed, is a good beginning, or at least an unusual one, for one of those stories of the outcast laboring to expiate a crime with which our sympathies are ever and anon stretched upon the wrack by ambitious authors. But what is it that gives it significance? It is the author's intuition, backed by historical and philosophical reflection, that this long-outgrown, this pre-human crime is to modern human nature the unforgivable sin. Here is insight seconded by evolutionary thinking.

Sven Elversson is humble, industrious, kindly, pure in word and act. All this makes no difference; his fellows shrink from him. This reaction is simple enough; it is perfectly natural; and it is clarified and purged from prejudice by a thorough familiarity with all that has been written in late years about crowd psychology and the herd instinct. Here is a scientific view of human nature,—exactly the stuff of which some realism is made. Miss Lagerlöf is as earnest about it as if she intended to sacrifice her hero to the blind instinct of the herd—to let that be the point of the story. Nevertheless, she appears to have something in reserve.

Sven Elversson joins the crew of a fishing vessel, every man of which is in his way a criminal. He reforms them; he makes them good seamen, self-respecting fishermen. But the wives of these men will have none of him! Better the old ways, they say, than that their husbands should associate with an eater of human flesh. He builds a school. At his own expense, he puts up a better building than the specifications called for; he attends to every detail with loving care. The people of the village are not ungrateful; they show a disposition to receive him back into the fold. But the children will have none of this school. Forced to attend, they fall into hysterics; to them the building is a place of horror because it has been built by one who has eaten human flesh. And at last the school is accidentally set on fire, and burns to the ground.

Here, again, one sees an extraordinary union of the critical spirit with insight

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or faith. Faith is sometimes confused with that silly optimism which would have managed the salvation of Sven Elversson easily and quickly through "love"—through the mere tolerance and affectionateness of his fellows. When such optimism is lacking, we too often find a merely savage spirit of criticism—a spirit that would ironically damn Sven Elversson through the instinctive virtue of women and through the innocence of children. Miss Lagerlöf is as trenchant as Ibsen in her criticism of human nature. She appears, however, to have something in reserve.

Reduced to the lowest depth of humility, Sven Elversson comforts himself with the thought that he may, after all, turn to a good use the horror that all normal people feel toward him. He will work with the lowest of the low; these, perhaps, will be open to his approaches because to him at least they can feel superior.

Here it seems as if we were approaching dangerously near to the brink of sentimentality. Of all the "unco guid", the least agreeable type may well be the abysmally and self-consciously humble person. A superinduced humility is perhaps the most unpleasant of superinduced emotions. But Miss Lagerlöf's portrayal of Sven at this juncture is saved from the least touch of sentimentality (with its accompanying unreality) by two causes. First, the author's instinct teaches her that a sincere and heart-broken man has neither an exaggerated reserve nor the least disposition to dramatize his emotions. He goes from one duty to another, from one thought to another, with a certain inner tension and preoccupation, like a man crossing a rushing stream on stepping stones. Secondly, her critical faculty is wide awake. With the shrewdness of an experienced district attorney, with the acuteness of a trained criminologist, she understands the mentality of the ex-convict and murderer whom Sven induces to confess.

Without attempting to sketch the story further, one may give one more instance of the two-sidedness of Miss Lagerlöf's genius. The strange character of Lotta Hedman cannot be passed over in silence. Lotta is an ignorant peasant girl who deems herself a seeress. Now, Miss Lagerlöf is, of course, perfectly aware that such a person in real life is likely to be something of a fanatic and something of a bore. Lotta, who babbles to strangers on a railroad train, of her dreams, of her visions, of her prophesies based on the Book of Revelation, of her letter to the King, is—what? Partly a child, partly a madwoman, partly a helpless and excessively commonplace adult. Yet she possesses second sight! Did not William James suggest that a mental flaw might possibly be the means of admitting a ray of light from the unknown? Here, once more, the author's imagination appears to be sustained and governed by a profound intuition and at the same time to be checked by an uncommonly precise knowledge and an unusually bright awareness. One may have, it seems, the faith to believe in Joan of Arc and yet retain the unclouded vision of the psychologist or the student of sociology. The result of this twofold way of grasping life in Miss Lagerlöf's story is a quite startling reality.

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Thus it is that a tale original almost to the point of eccentricity, racial almost to excess in its coloring and its emotional tone, simple almost to the verge of childishness in its "plot" and in its choice of incidents, binds together materials the most rich and diverse, implications the most varied and profound, making of them one convincing and satisfying whole.

But the story is more than a good story. It has also a profound meaning. Holding something in reserve until the very last, the author makes her way from higher level to higher level of interest. By devious paths, by sudden sharp ascents, daring the dizzy paths of the supernatural, narrowly skirting the chasms of absurdity and bathos which lie so close to our upward ways, she arrives at the height of a great idea—the sacredness of human life. And the whole story—so human in its materials whether of fact or of phantasy—stands forth as an impressive symbol of something that can be expressed only by a symbol.

Up Stream: An American Chronicle. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright.

One can say of Mr. Lewisohn's autobiography that it is a highly significant book without admitting that it is at all a great book.

Born in Germany, of Hebrew parents, Mr. Lewisohn came to this country as a boy, and he went through a kind of agony of Americanization. There is in his record of his experiences a passion of frankness, an intellectual and an emotional intensity, that raise it above any suspicion of commonplace. There is stabbing criticism in these pages and there is poignant feeling. Most of all the record is the picture of an "alien" soul and a reflection in that soul of our familiar things. And the strange thing—strange that it should seem strange!—is that this soul is not in its content alien at all. In his original feeling tone and in his traditions, Mr. Lewisohn was simply German after the manner of the old-fashioned Germans that we used to like. He became in feeling more democratic, more "American" than the Americans among whom he lived. He felt himself to be at an early age, and really was, inspired by the best traditions of English literature. We may well feel shame when we read of what he was obliged to suffer in the way of lukewarm kindness and qualified justice. We may well experience a wholesome humiliation when we contrast the richness and fulness of his inner life with that of our average sluggish-minded, healthily obtuse Yankees.

And yet when we compare this autobiography, as the publishers invite us to do, with that of Edward Bok and that of Henry Adams, we find that in real value it is vastly inferior to either. It lacks, of course, the unconscionable skepticism, the intellectual bite, of the Adams book, and it is altogether wanting in the practical wisdom and many-sidedness of Mr. Bok's life story. It is all protest and confession.

Protest and confession have their value as counteracting certain narrowing

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tendencies, but there is seldom anything constructive or really clarifying in them. In Mr. Lewisohn's case it seems, moreover, that his intellectual intensity, the best quality of his book, is always being distorted by his emotional intensity, another excellent quality. The two do not work harmoniously together.

Now and then the criticism is extraordinarily searching. Thus, when Mr. Lewisohn says that the vice of the Anglo-Saxon is a kind of double-mindedness —that he alone is capable of quite seriously representing good women to himself as sexless angels while he indulges in licentiousness with another class; that he alone will profess with a certain sincerity sentiments of extreme democracy and yet lynch the negro and ostracize the Jew—when he says this, he seems to diagnose our spiritual ailment with penetration and with justice. In spiritual matters it appears, on the whole, that the Anglo-American capacity for practical compromise seldom brings the happiest results. And, again, when Mr. Lewisohn describes the average American student in a State University as one who seeks education not that he may acquire a new mind and perchance a fully developed soul, but as one who seeks to gain possession of certain tools,—tools which he lays aside, as the laborer lays down his shovel, the moment he ceases to have a practical use for them,—here, too, he speaks wholesome truth. But in the main, and in its general trend, Mr. Lewisohn's book appears to be not so much a criticism as a tirade—a tirade against all that interferes with liberty. In this there seems to be little philosophy or human value. To say that all the evils done and suffered in human society are due to the fact that there exists at the core of every man's consciousness "a blind and stony kernel of moral certitude" is to express a half-truth with bitterness. To attribute "the burst of so-called patriotic passion that swept this country in any degree to the sex-repressions practiced by our middle classes", is not, indeed, "degraded", but is an instance of reckless, irresponsible generalization. In such utterances there is little of the clean-cut analysis, the reasoned temerity that command our respect in the most shocking pronouncements of a Samuel Butler or a Bernard Shaw.

The end of it all seems to be an advocacy of liberty as an end in itself, an emphasis on individuality for its own sake. In this one perceives no real philosophy, only an excess of emotion. Perfect freedom—the absence of an outer check—might release some rare spirits; that it would really help us to get rid of the general shoddiness and meanness and moral unhealthiness of which Mr. Lewisohn complains is not so obvious.

Our Unconscious Mind and How to Use It. By Frederick Pierce. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Psychology has in recent years made some interesting discoveries, and appears to be upon the verge of making more. Especially have researches into the abnormal resulted in a better understanding of the normal mind.

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Certainly the speculative possibilities opened up by a book like Morton Prince's *The Unconscious* are fascinating to every intelligent reader, and while one may not go all the way with Freud and the psycho-analysts, one cannot deny that the theory of suppressed wishes may have large consequences.

It does seem, however, that a popular handbook of psychological guidance is at present a little premature. The layman can scarcely be expected to use technical methods of psycho-analysis, and there appears to be little else to give him except common sense dressed up. With commendable clearness and ingenuity of exposition, Mr. Pierce reveals to us in a new terminology truths that for the most part could be sufficiently well understood in the language of our childhood. He presents us with a theory of character and conduct as relations between the "Libido" and outer pressures which appears to have no advantage over older theories of conduct except that it leaves out the moral element as a superfluous bit of mechanism. It is probably true that fear tends to derange the adrenal glands, but then we have always known that fear is a bad thing. The essence of the chapter on auto-suggestion was anticipated long ago by Bishop Whately when he said that "every man of sense practices rhetoric upon himself".

As for the chapter on advertizing and salesmanship, one may say, without calling in question the utility and dignity of the art of inducing people to buy what they do not want to buy, that tact and common sense may possibly have been before psychology in suggesting that it is better to write, smoothly and persuasively, "After meals a breath-sweetening aid to digestion—Blank's Gum" than to risk giving offense by the rude command, "Chew Blank's Gum after every meal." And yet so complex and unaccountable is human nature that there may be even some persons who would prefer this brusque admonition to the subtle and smug insinuation that their breath probably needs sweetening. And if "Talcorose Powder—the perfect finish for a perfect shave", actually tends to make a man shave better, is there not some danger in hypnotizing people into the belief that they need an aid to digestion? Certainly Paul Shorey was not far wrong when he described as "highly finished nonsense" some of the recent contributions of psychology to practical life.

TRADITION AND PROGRESS. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A certain refinement and subtlety of thought, sobriety of judgment, a nice discernment of human values—these are qualities that one may rightfully expect in the writings of a classical scholar. Breadth of view and penetration, on the other hand, are individual endowments, and there may be a shade of truth in the popular prejudice that they are less often found in the classical scholar than in men of another type and training. However this may be, there is no doubt that when real originality goes hand in hand with classical scholar-

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ship, the result in literature is of altogether exceptional value. The man of letters who thinks vitally can do for us what the scientist or the philosopher can scarcely do. He alone is the thorough humanist, the custodian and interpreter of the great tradition. Having no system, no hard and fast method, he appeals not to the intellect alone, nor to the heart alone, but rather to the heart through the intellect. Between science and religion there is a middle ground, the ground of culture. Science does not tell us what to live for; religion does not tell us how to employ our imaginations. In the middle ground of culture are found an immense number of goods—the saving grace of tolerance, for instance, the sweetening salt of wit, the golden mean.

If one had to choose a single passage from Gilbert Murray's book of essays, as best illustrative of the humanistic point of view, one would be inclined to select a purely negative statement. Is there any such thing as real progress? he asks. And the reply shows that humility which is the beginning of wisdom: "As to that I can only admit that I am not clear. I believe that we do not know enough to answer."

There is something great in the intellectual austerity of this simple saying. The great tradition tames as well as enriches the imagination, and this skepticism is the other arm of faith—a faith that makes a man willing "to live and die for the great unknown purpose which the eternal spirit of man seems to be working out upon the earth."

No one with more precision and eloquence than Gilbert Murray has pointed out the true mission of literature or expounded its gospel. Literature is a revelation, he says, and though no one of its great sayings is perhaps exactly and finally true, every one is a beacon light to the spirit. Not until a man has both weighed the meaning and felt the aspiration of that brave guess—

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know—

can he be called truly civilized. Literature deals with what is most intensely human in our appreciation of value and with what seems to us to verge upon the superhuman, with what lies on the outer margin of our apprehension. We cannot afford to strip ourselves of these things in the interests of dogmatic philosophy or of impersonal science. Yet in all this, the great tradition teaches us a certain moderation, a wise skepticism, a broad tolerance.

No one with more acute discrimination, or with livelier appreciation of life as well as of letters, has described the working of literature through its twin processes of *mimesis* and *poesis*—its creative, reality-producing function. None has more successfully increased our wisdom and sympathy by showing the essential likeness between our sense of life and that of the ancient Greeks, between the Peloponnesian War and the World War. And finally there is hardly another in our time who has maintained with so much firmness and moderation, and with so little dogmatism, the worth and potency of the individual human soul in its lonely stand against apparent wrong and injustice.

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TOWARDS THE GREAT PEACE. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

While one may disagree with almost every one of the suggestions which Mr. Cram sets forth as possible ways of reforming or helping to reform the world, one cannot help feeling that his general point of view is essentially right. A return to the scholastic philosophy, to sacramentalism in all religion; decentralization in government, Guild Socialism in industry, a great simplification in education—these do not impress one as very hopeful counsels but rather as counsels of despair. The truth is, perhaps, that what we need is not a definite return to any philosophy, system, or form of religion, but rather a recognition of the value of certain elements that we are in danger of losing out of our lives, a return to first principles.

Signs that some such process of return and resumption is now going on are not wholly wanting. The movement toward industrial democracy is, for example, in spirit not unlike the old guilds. In no very conspicuous ways, but in the writings of poets and essayists having a small but intelligent public and still more perhaps in the smaller social groups, and in the thought of individuals, there is a reaction against materialism, a desire for simpler things, a disposition to cling to the old moralities and to what is vital in the old faiths.

However this may be, Mr. Cram is surely right when he declares that character is "the chief end of man and the sole guarantee of decent society". He is doubtless equally correct in saying that "however strange and erroneous the actual manifestation, there is no question as to the reality and prevalence of the desire for the recovery of spiritual power through the channels of religion". Practically every suggestion that he makes and discusses is a vivid illustration of these attitudes—an illustration all the more illuminating because extreme;—and in this fact lies the principal value of the book.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel, LL. D., D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A book that seeks essentials and at the same time fearlessly recognizes difficulties is almost always a good book. Such a work is Baron von Hügel's *Essays and Addresses*. Two characteristics distinguish it from most of the religious reading with which the general reader is likely to be familiar. In the first place, it is at the same time devout in spirit and adequately cognizant of the higher criticism—this without being at all polemical. In the second place it proceeds by the somewhat scholastic method of making distinctions. These distinctions, perhaps, neither exhaust the content of moral consciousness nor enable one to reach an independent basis for ethics. Nevertheless, they seem to drive a wedge into the soul and to force consideration of what lies nearest its centre. There is certainly wisdom, for example, in the distinction between sins of impurity that are, so to speak, below human nature, and sins of pride that are in a certain sense above it.

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The reading of such a work does not engage one with the fascination of a new philosophy or dazzle one with the perception of unsuspected relations; but it engenders in one a kind of skepticism of one's own want of faith. If it does nothing more it may create the suspicion that many things are ignored in ordinary, matter-of-fact, non-religious thinking.

Making use of examples drawn from life, clearing away difficulties by the patient application of a trained power of analysis, frankly and fully recognizing the contributions of other thinkers, Protestant as well as Catholic, the author proceeds serenely on his way to a whole-hearted and well-reasoned assertion of what he regards as the essentials of religious belief.

THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCHES. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To an onlooker who is a layman the crisis of the churches appears to be due to a want of authority in religious teaching or to a want of respect for such teaching (the same thing, in effect) which is part of a general decline of authority—a decline that appears in politics, in law, in the schools and in the home. There appears to be a rather widespread spiritual stirring; new faiths make converts; yet there seems to be a difficulty in getting people to go to church.

If this condition really exists, it would be wrong, of course, to hold the churches wholly responsible for it. Nevertheless, one feels a little baffled when he finds as one of the first significant statements in Dr. Parks's book, the declaration that "the crisis of the world should lead to a revolution in foreign missions". One is not wholly reassured by the affirmation that the churches and the churches alone can accomplish the work of reconciling Christian internationalism with patriotism. The evangelization of the world, the Christianizing of international relations, the reign of peace, the purification of the family, the upbuilding of Christian character, appear to constitute an ambitious programme. But these are not all. "There is our political life to be purified and our social life to be refined, and, above all, our industrial life to be humanized."

Let us be frank. The realization of such a programme appears too great a task for any single agency to accomplish either by exhortation or by the pointing out of ways and means. What is needed is the evocation of more faith and the development of better character. If it were generally felt that the churches were fully accomplishing this task, there would be no crisis of the churches.

But one must plead guilty to criticizing Dr. Parks's book from the point of view of his title rather than from that of his principal theme. What he has really written is, in fact, mainly a discourse on church unity, and a very sound and sensible discourse it is. Fully informed and quite free from optimistic delusions on this subject, he points out the real weakness of the efforts toward union of the churches that have been made in recent years, while he shows at the same time, and rather strikingly, how much all Christian persons have in

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common. "I would suggest," he says significantly, "that, paradoxical as it may seem, the first step toward more effective association will be found not in ignoring the differences of the churches, but, on the contrary, in glorifying them. All the ministries have been effective in their way, and if the author believes the discipline of the Episcopal church best suited to conditions in the world today, he makes no exclusive claim for it. It is fellowship rather than formal unity that is needed, and "the underlying cause of the failure of the modern church to fulfil the task and mission committed to it by its Divine Master is due to the fact that fellowship has not been the goal which it has sought to attain". Here certainly Dr. Parks appears to reach an essential truth.

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